A

COMEDY.

[illegible]

THEATRE ROYAL,

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

[illegible]

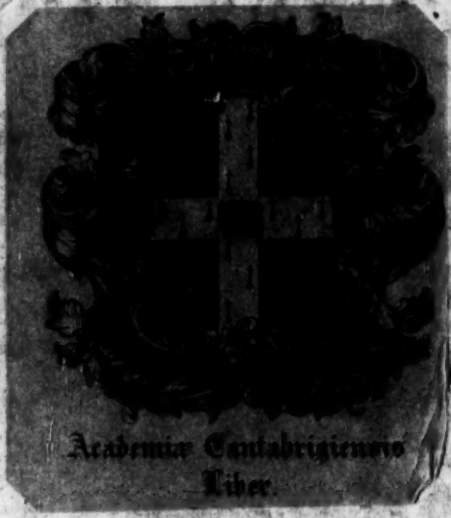
[illegible] Maritis.

[illegible] de Art. Poet.

LONDON,

[illegible] at the [illegible] Shop of [illegible]

[illegible] the Novels [illegible] Love [illegible] Brif-



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TO

RICHARD NORTON,

of *Southwick*, Esq;

SIR,

THO' I can't without Ingratitude, Conceal the Exceeding Favours, which the Town have shown this Piece; yet they must give me leave to own, that even my Vanity lay Husht, quite stifled in my Fears, till I had securely fixt its Good Fortune, by Publishing your Approbation of it: An Advantage, which as it will Confirm my Friends in their favourable Opinion, so it must in some Measure, Qualifie the Severity of the Malicious. After this Declaration; let the World Imagine, how Difficult it is for me, not to Launch into your Character: But since the smoothness of your Temper, and Depth of Judgment, are my chief Protection, I am loath to Discompose you, by an Ungrateful Repetition of those Virtues, which only please

you in the Practice: The World as little wants the Knowledge of 'em, as you desire the Recital.

'Tis your Happiness, Sir, that your Fortune has fixed you above the need of Praise, or Friends, yet both are equally Unavoidable: For even to your Solitude, Praise will follow you, and grows Fonder of you for your Coldness; She Loves you for your Choice of Pleasures, those Noble Pleasures of a sweet Retirement, from which nothing but the Consideration of your Country's Weal cou'd draw you.

But as no Man can properly be made a Patron, whose Virtues have not in some sort Qualified him for such a Care: So, Sir, it is sufficient for me, that your Life and Conversation are the best Herald's of Your Power, and My Safety.

Here, Sir, I must beg leave to clear myself from what the Ill Wishes of some wou'd have the World believe, that what I now Offer you is Spurious, and not the Product of my own Labour: And thô I am pleas'd, that this Report seems to allow it some Beauties, yet

I am sorry, it has made a Discovery of some Person's, who think me Worth their Malice. This Dedication were little better than an Affront, unless I cou'd with all Sincerity assure you, Sir, that the Fable is intirely my own; nor is there a Line or Thought, throughout the Whole, for which I am Wittingly oblig'd either to the Dead, or Living; For I cou'd no more be pleas'd with a Stol'n Reputation, than with a Mistress, who yielded only upon the Intercession of my Friend: It satisfies me, Sir, that you believe it mine, and I hope what others say to the Contrary, is rather owing to an Unreasonable Disgust, than their Real Opinion. I am not Ignorant of those Oversights I have Committed, nor have the Dissecting Criticks much Discourag'd me: For 'tis Their Diversion to find Fault; and to have none, is to them an Unpardonable Disappointment; no Man can expect to go Free, while they don't spare one another: But as I write not in Defiance of their Censure; so, after having Diverted you, Sir, I shall not trouble my self for a Defensive

Preface.

Preface. Had it not ſucceeded, I ſhou'd have had Modeſty Enough to impute it to my own want of Merit: For certainly the Town can take no Pleaſure in Decrying any Man's Labours, when 'tis their Intereſt to Encourage 'em; every Gueſt is the beſt Judge of his own Pallat, and a Poet ought no more to Impoſe good Senſe upon the Galleries, than Dull Farce upon the Undiſputed Judges. I firſt Conſider'd who my Gueſts were, before I prepared my Entertainment, and therefore I ſhall only add this as a General Anſwer to all Objections, That it has every way Exceeded mine, and hitherto has not wrong'd the Houſe's Expectation; That Mr. Southern's *Good Nature (whoſe own Works beſt Recommend his Judgment,) Engag'd his Reputation for the Succeſs, which its Reception, and your Approbation, Sir, has ſince redeem'd to the Intire Satisfaction of*

SIR,

Your moſt Devoted,

Humble Servant,

Colley Cibber.

Febr. 7. 169⅔.

PROLOGUE,

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. *Verbruggen.*

WIT bears so thin a Crop this Duller Age,
We're forc't to Glean it from the Barren Stage.
Ev'n Players Fledg'd by Nobler Pens, take Wing
Themselves, and their own Rude Composures Sing.
Nor need our Young one Dread a Shipwrack here;
Who Trades without a Stock, has nought to fear.
In every Smile of yours, a Prize he draws,
And if you Damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the Reason for the Critick Crew,
With Killing Blasts, like Winter, to pursue
The Tender Plant, that Ripens but for you?
Nature in all her Works requires Time,
Kindness, and Years, 'tis makes the Virgin Climb;
And shoot, and hasten to the expected Prime;
And then, if untaught Fancy fail to Please,
I'instruct the willing Pupil by Degrees;
By Gentle Lessons you your Joys improve,
And Mold her Awkward Passion into Love.
Ev'n Folly has its Growth: Few Fools are made,
You Drudge, and Sweat for't, as it were a Trade.

'Tis

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'Tis

'Tis half the Labour of your Trifling Age,
To Fashion you fit Subjects for the Stage.
Well! If our Author Fail to Draw you like,
In the first Draught, you're not to expect Vandike.
What, tho' no Master-stroke in this Appears;
Yet some may find Features Resembling Theirs.
Nor do the Bad alone his Colours share;
Neglected Virtue is at least shown Fair;
And that's enough o' Conscience for a Play'r.
But if you'd have him take a Bolder Flight,
And Draw your Pictures by a Truer Light,
You must your selves, by Follies yet unknown,
Inspire his Pencil, and Divert the Town.
Nor Judge by this, his Genius at a stand;
For Time, that makes new Fools, may mend his Hand.

EPI

EPILOGUE.

Spoken By Miſs Croſs, *who Sung* CUPID.

NOW Gallants, for the Author: firſt to you
Kind Citty-Gentlemen, o'th' middle-Row:
He hopes you nothing to his Charge can lay,
There's not one Cuckold made in all his Play.
Nay, you muſt own, if you'l believe your Eyes,
He draws his Pen againſt your Enemies:
For he declares to day, he meerly ſtrives
To maul the Beaux — becauſe they maul your Wives.
Now, Sirs, to you, whoſe ſole Religion's Drinking,
Whoring, Roaring, without the Pain of Thinking;
He fears h'as made a fault, you'll ne'er forgive,
A Crime, beyond the hopes of a Reprieve;
An Honeſt Rake forego the Joys of life!
His Whores, and Wine! t'Embrace a Dull Caſt Wife;
Such out of faſhion ſtuff! But then again!
He's Lewd for above four Acts, Gentlemen!
For Faith he knew, when once he'd chang'd his Fortune,
And reform'd his Vice, 'twas Time —— to drop the Curtain.
Four Acts for your Courſe Pallats was deſign'd
But Then the Ladies Taſt is more refin'd,
They for Amanda's *ſake will ſure be Kind.*
Pray let this Figure once your pitty move,
Can you reſiſt the Pleading God of Love!
In vain my Prayrs the other Sex purſue,
Unleſs your Conquering ſmiles their ſtubborn hearts ſubdue.

Dramatis Personæ

MEN.

Mr *Will. Wisewoud.*	A Rich old Gentleman, that fancies himself a great Master of his passion, which he only is in trivial matters	Mr. *Johnson.*
Loveless.	Of a debaucht life, grew weary of his Wife in six Months, left her, and the Town, for Debts he did not care to pay; and having spent the last part of his Estate beyond Sea, returns to *England* in a very mean condition	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Sir *Novelty Fashion.*	A Coxcomb that loves to be the first in all Foppery.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Elder Worthy.	A sober Gent. of a fair Estate in love with *Hillaria.*	Mr. *Williams.*
Young Worthy.	His Brother of a looser temper, Lover to *Narcissa.*	Mr. *Horden.*
Snap.	Servant to *Loveless.*	Mr. *Penkethman.*
Sly.	Servant to *Young Worthy.*	Mr. *Bullock.*
	A Lawyer.	Mr. *Mills.*

WOMEN.

Amanda.	A Woman of strict Virtue, married to *Loveless* very young, and forsaken by him.	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Narcissa.	Daughter to *Will. Wisewoud*, a Fortune.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Hillaria.	His Niece.	Mrs. *Cibber.*
Flareit.	A kept Mrs. of Sir *Novelty's.*	Mrs. *Rent.*
	Woman to *Amanda.*	Mrs. *Lucas.*
	Maid to *Flareit.*	

Servants, Centinels, Porter, Bullies and Musick.

The SCENE *London.*

Love's Last Shift, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE *The Park.*

Enter Loveleſs, *and* Snap (*his Servant.*)

Love. Sirrah! leave your Preaching — your Counſel's like an ill Clock, either ſtands ſtill, or goes too ſlow —— you ne'er thought my Extravagancies amiſs, while you had your ſhare of 'em; and now I want money to make my ſelf drunk, you adviſe me to live ſober, you Dog — They that will hunt pleaſure, as I ha' done, Raſcal, muſt never give over in a fair Chaſe.

Snap. Nay, I knew you wou'd never reſt, till you had tir'd your Dogs — ah Sir! what a fine pack of Guineas have you had! and yet you would make them run till they were quite ſpent. —— Wou'd I were fairly turn'd out of your Service—here we have been three days in Town, and I can ſafely Swear I have liv'd upon picking a hollow tooth ever ſince.

Love. Why don't you Eat then, Sirrah?

Snap. Even, becauſe I don't know where, Sir.

Love. Then ſtay till I Eat, hang-dog, ungrateful Rogue! to murmur at a little faſting with me, when thou haſt been an Equal partner of my good Fortune.

Snap. Fortune! —It makes me Weep to think what you have brought your ſelf, and me to! How well might you ha' liv'd, Sir, had you been a Sober Man—Let me ſee! I ha' been in your Service juſt ten years — In the firſt you Married,

and

and grew weary of your Wife; in the Second you Whor'd Drank, Gam'd, run in Debt, Mortgaged your Estate, and was forct to leave the Kingdom; in the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, you made the Tour of *Europe*, with the State and Equipage of a French Court Favourite, while your poor Wife at Home broke her heart for the loss of you. In the 8th and 9th you grew poor, and little the wiser, and now in the 10th you are resolv'd I shall starve with you.

Love. Despicable Rogue, canst not thou bear the Frowns of a Common strumpet Fortune?

Snap. —S'bud I never think of the Pearl Necklace you gave that Dam'd Venetian Strumpet, but I wish her hang'd in't!

Love. Why Sirrah! I knew I cou'd not have her without it, and I had a Night's Enjoyment of her, was worth a Pope's Revenue for't.

Snap. Ah! you had better ha' laid out your money here in *London*; I'll undertake you might have had the whole Town over and over, for half the price——Beside, Sir, what a delicate Creature was your Wife! She was the only Celebrated Beauty in Town; I'll undertake there were more Fops and Fools run mad for her, odsbud she was more plagued with 'em, and more talk't of, than a good Actress with a Maiden-head! Why the Devil cou'd not she content you?

Love. No Sirrah! the World to me is a Garden, stockt with all sorts of Fruit, where the greatest pleasure we can take, is in the Variety of Taste: But a Wife is an Eternal Apple-tree, after a pull or two you are sure to set your Teeth on Edge.

Snap. And yet I warrant you grudg'd another Man a bit of her, tho' you valu'd her no more, than you wou'd a half Eaten Pippin, that had lain a Week a Sunning in a Parlor Window——But see, Sir, who's this——for me-thinks I long to meet with an old acquaintance!

Love. Ha! I gad he looks like one, and may be necessary as the case stands with me——

Snap.

Snap. Pray Heaven he do but invite us to Dinner!

Enter Young Worthy.

Love. Dear *Worthy*! let me embrace thee, the sight of an old Friend warms me, beyond that of a new Mistress.

Y. Wor. S'Death, what Bully's this? Sir, your pardon I don't know you!

Love. Faith *Will*, I am a little out of repaires at present: But I am all that's left of honest *Ned Loveless*.

Y. Wor. Loveless! I am amaz'd! what means this Metamorphosis?——Faith *Ned*, I am glad to find thee amongst the Living, however——How long hast thou been in Town?

Love. About three days——But prithee *Will*, how goes the World?

Y. Wor. Why like a Bowl, it runs on at the old rate, Interest is still the Jack it aimes at, and while it rowles, you know, it must of necessity be often turn'd upside down——But I doubt Friend, you have bowl'd out of the Green, have liv'd a little too fast, [*Surveying his dress.*] like one that has lost all his ready money, and are forc't to be an idle Spectator——Prithee what brought thee at last to *England*?

Love. Why my last hopes faith, which were to perswade Sir *Will. Wisewood*, (if he be alive) to whom I Mortgaged my Estate, to let me have Five hundred pounds more upon it, or else to get some honest Friend to redeem the Mortgage, and share the over-plus! Beside, I thought that *London* might now be a place of uninterrupted pleasure, for I hear my Wife is dead: and to tell you the Truth 'twas the Italene's of her love, was the main cause of my going over.

Y. Wor. His Wife dead, ha! I'm glad he knows no other, I won't undeceive him least the Rogue should go and rifle her, of what she has. (*Aside.*) Yes faith I was at her Burial, and saw her take possession of her long home, and am sorry to tell you, *Ned*, she died with Grief! your wild courses broke her heart.

Love. Why Faith? she was a good natur'd Fool! that's the truth on't, well! rest her Soul.

Snap. Now, Sir, you are a single Man indeed,; for you have neither Wife, nor Estate.

T. Wor. But how hast thou improv'd thy money beyond Sea? What hast thou brought over?

Love. Oh! a great deal of Experience.

T. Wor. And no money?

Snap. Not a Souse, faith, Sir, as my belly can testify.

Love. But I have a great deal more wit than I had!

Snap. Not enough to get your Estate again, or to know where we shall dine to day. ——(O Lord he don't ask us yet!) *Aside.*

T. Wor. Why your Rogue's witty, *Ned*, where did'st thou pick him up?

Love. Don't you remember *Snap* formerly your Pimp in Ordinary: But he is much improv'd in his calling, I assure you, Sir.

T. Wor. I don't doubt it, considering who has been his Master.

Snap. Yes, Sir, I was an humble Servant of yours, and am still, Sir, and shou'd be glad to stand behind your Chair at Dinner, Sir. *Bowes.*

T. Wor. Oh! Sir, that you may do another time: But to day I am ingag'd upon business, however, there's a meales meat for you? *Throws him a Guinea.*

Snap. Bless my eye sight, a Guinea! —— Sir! is there e'er a Whore you wou'd have kickt, any old Bawds windows you wou'd have broken, shall I beat your Taylor for disappointing you? or your Surgeon that wou'd be paid for a Clap of two years standing? if you have occasion, you may command your humble Servant.——

T. Wor. Sweet Sir, I am oblig'd to you! but at present am so happy, as to have no occasion for your assistance.— But hark you *Ned*! Prithee what hast thou done with thy Estate?

Love. I pawn'd it to buy pleasure, that is, old Wine, young Whores, and the conversation of Brave Fellows, as

as Mad as my self; Pox! If a Man has Appetites, they are Torments, if not indulged: I shall never complain, as long as I have Health, and Vigour; and as for my Poverty, why the Devil should I be asham'd of that, since a Rich Man won't blush at his Knavery.

T. Wor. Faith *Ned*, I am as much in Love with Wickedness, as thou can'st be, but I am for having it at a Cheaper rate, than my Ruine: Don't it grate you a little to see your Friends blush for you?

Love. 'Tis very odd, that People should be more asham'd of others Faults, then their own; I never yet cou'd meet with a Man that offer'd me Counsel, but had more occasion for it himself.

T. Wor. So far you may be in the right: For indeed good Counsel is like a home Jest, which every busie Fool is offering to his Fellow, and yet won't take himself.

Love. Right—thus have I known a jolly Red-Nos'd Parson, at Three a Clock in the Morning, Belch out Invectives against late Hours, and hard Drinking: And a Canting Hypocritical Sinner, protest against Fornication, when the Rogue was himself just crawling out of a Flux.

T. Wor. Tho' these are Truths Friend, yet I don't see any Advantage you can draw from them. Prithee how will you live now, all your Money's gone?

Love. Live! How dost thou live? thou art but a younger Brother I take it.

T. Wor. Oh! very well, Sir, (tho faith my Father left me but 3000 *l.*) one of which I gave for a place at Court, that I shall enjoy; the other two are gone after pleasure, as thou say'st. But beside this, I am supply'd by the continual bounty of an indulgent Brother; now I am loath to load his good Nature too much, and therefore have e'en thought fit, like the rest of my ruking Brother-hood, to Purge out my wild Humours with Matrimony: By the way I have taken care to let the Dose well Sweetned, with a swinging Portion.

Love. Ah! *Wil*, You'll find Marrying to Cure Lewdness, is like Surfeiting to Cure Hunger: For all the Conse-

quence is, you Loath what you Surfeit on, and are only Chast to her you Marry —— but prithee, Friend, what is thy Wife that must be?

Y. Wor. Why faith, since I believe the matter is too far gone for any Man to Postpone me, (at least, I am sure, thou wilt not do me an Injury to do thy self no good) I'll tell thee —— you must know, my Mistress is the Daughter of that very Knight to whom you Mortgag'd your Estate, Sir *William Wisewou'd.*

Lov. Why, she's an Heiress, and has a 1000 *l.* a year in her own Hands, if she be of Age. But I suppose the Old Man knows nothing of your intentions. Therefore prithee how have you had opportunities of promoting your Love?

Y. Wor. Why thus —— you must know, Sir *William* (being very well acquainted with the largeness of my Brothers Estate,) designs this Daughter for him, and to Encourage his Passion offers him, out of his own Pocket, the Additional Blessing of 5000 *l.* This Offer, my Brother knowing my Inclinations, seems to embrace; but at the same time, is really in Love with his Neice, who lives with him in the same House, and therefore to hide my design from the Old Gentleman, I pretend visits to his Daughter, as an Intercessor for my Brother only, and thus he has given me daily opportunities of advancing my own Interest —— nay, and I have so contriv'd it, that I design to have the 5000 *l.* too.

Lov. How is that possible, since I see no hopes of the Old Mans consent for you?

Y. Wor. Have a Days patience, and you'll see the effects on't; in a word, 'tis so sure, that nothing but delays can hinder my Success, therefore I am very earnest with my Mistress that to Morrow may be the Day. But a Pox on't, I have two Women to prevail with, for my Brother Quarrels every other Day with his Mistriss, and while I am reconciling him, I loose Ground in my own Amour.

Lov. Why, has not your Mistriss told you her Mind yet?

Y. Wor. She will I suppose, as soon as she knows it her self, for within this Week she has changed it as often as her

her Linnen, and keeps it as secret too; for she wou'd no more own her Love before my Face, then she wou'd shift her self before my Face.

Love. P'shaw! She shows it the more, by striving to conceal it.

T. Wor. Nay, she does give me some Proofs indeed, for she will suffer no body but her self to speak ill of me, is always uneasy till I am sent for, never pleas'd when I am with her, and still Jealous when I leave her.

Love. Well! Success to thee *Will*; I will send the Fiddles to release you from your first Nights Labours.

T. W. But hark you! Have a care of disobliging the Bride, tho'——Ha! Yonder goes my Brother! I am afraid his walking so Early proceeds from some disturbance in his Love; I must after him, and set him right——Dear *Ned* you'll Excuse me; shall I see you at the Blue Posts between Five and Six this Afternoon?

Love. With all my Heart——but dee ye hear——can'st not thou lend me the fellow to that same Guinea you gave my Man, I'll give you my Bond if you mistrust me.

T. Wor. Oh Sir! Your necessity is Obligation enough——there 'tis, and all I have faith, when I see you at Night, you may command me farther——Adieu, at Six at farthest. [*Exit T. Wor.*

Love. Without fail——so! Now Rascal, you are an hungry are you? Thou deserv'st never to Eat again——Rogue! Gramble before Fortune had quite forsaken us.

Snip. Ah! Dear Sir, the thoughts of Eating again, have so transported me, I am resolv'd to Live and Die with you.

Love. Look ye, Sirrah, here's what will provide us of a Dinner and a brace of Whores into the bargain, at least as Guinea's and Whores goe now.

Snip. Ah! Good Sir! No Whores before Dinner. I beseech you.

Love. Well, for once I'll take your advice; for to say Truth, a Man is as unfit to follow Love with an empty Stomach

Stomach, as business with an empty Head: Therefore I think a Bit and a Bottle won't be amiss first.

The Gods of Wine, and Love, were ever Friends;
For by the help of Wine, Love gains his Ends. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Elder Worthy *with a Letter.*

E. Wor. How hard is it to find that Happiness which our short sighted Passions hope from Woman? 'tis not their cold disdain, or Cruelty shou'd make a faithful Lover Curse his Stars, that is but reasonable; 'tis the shadow in our Pleasures Picture! Without it Love cou'd ne'er be heightned! No 'tis their Pride, and vain desire of many Lovers, that robs our hope of its imagin'd Rapture: The Blind are only happy! For if we look through Reason's never erring Perspective, we then Survey their Souls, and view the Rubbish we were Chaffring for: And such I find, *Hillaria's* mind is made of. This Letter is an Order for the knocking off my Fetters, and I'll send it her immediately.

Enter to him Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. Morrow Brother! (*seeing the Letter*) what! is your Fit returned again? What Beaux Box has *Hillaria* taken Snuff from? What Fool has led her from the Box to her Coach? What Fop has she suffer'd to read a Play or Novel to her? Or whose Money has she indiscreetly won at Basset — come, let's see the Ghastly Wound she has made in your quiet, that I may know how much Claret to prescribe you?

E. Wor. I have my Wound, and Cure from the same Person I'll assure you; the one from *Hillaria's* Wit and Beauty, the other from her Pride and Vanity?

Y. Wor. That's what I cou'd ne'er yet find her guilty of: are you angry at her Loving you.

E. Wor. I am angry at my self, for believing she ere did.

Y. Wor.

T. Wor. Have her Actions spoke the contrary? Come you know she loves.

E. Wor. Indeed she gave a great proof on't last Night here in the Park, by fastning upon a Fool, and Caressing him before my Face, when she might have so easily avoided him.

T. Wor. What! And I warrant interrupted you in the middle of your Sermons for I don't Question but you were Preaching to her. But Prithee who was the Fool she fastned upon?

E. W. One that Heaven intended for a Man; but the whole business of his Life is to make the World believe, he is of another Species. A thing that affects mightily to ridicule himself to only to give others a kind of necessity of praising him. I can't say he's a Slave to every New Fashion, for he pretends to be the Master of it, and is ever reviving some Old, or advanceing some New Piece of Foppery; and tho it don't take, is still as well pleas'd, because it then obliges the Town to take the more notice of him: He's so fond of a Publick Reputation, that he is more extravagant in his Attempts to gain it, than the Fool that Fir'd *Diana*'s Temple, to Immortalize his Name.

T. Wor. You have said enough to tell me his Name is Sir *Novelty Fashion*.

E. Wor. The same; but that which most concerns me, is that he has the Impudence to Address to *Hillaria*, and she Vanity enough to discard him.

T. W. Is this all? Why thou art as hard to please in a Wife, as thy Mistriss in a New Gown: How many Women have you took in hand, and yet can't please your self at last?

E. W. I had need to have the best Goods, when I offer so great a price as Marriage for them: *Hillaria* has some good Qualities, but not enough to make a Wife of.

T. Wor. She has Beauty!

E. Wor. Granted.

T. Wor. And Money.

E. Wor. Too much: Enough to supply her Vanity.

T. Wor.

Y. Wor. She has Sence.

E. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no Fool.

Y. W. She has Wit.

E. W. Not enough to deceive me.

Y. Wor. Why then you are happy, if she can't deceive you.

E. W. Yet she has Folly enough to endeavour it: I'll see her no more, and this shall tell her so.

Y. W. Which in an Hour's time you'll repent, as much as over.

E. W. As ever I shou'd Marrying her.

Y. W. You'll have a damn'd sneaking look, when you are fore't to ask her Pardon, for your ungenerous Suspicion, and lay the fault upon Excess of Love.

E. W. I am not so much in Love as you imagine.

Y. W. Indeed, Sir, you are in Love, and that better tells her so.

E. W. Read it, you'll find the contrary.

Y. W. Prithee I know what's in't, better then thou dost: You say, 'tis to take your leave of her; but I say 'tis in hopes of a kind Excusive Answer: But Faith you mistake her and your self too, she is too high Spirited not to take you at your word; and you are too much in Love, not to ask her Pardon.

E. W. Well then, I'll not be too rash: but will show my resentment in forbearing my Visits.

Y. W. Your Visits! Come, I shall soon try what a Man of resolution you are —— for yonder she comes —— now, Let's see if you have power to move.

E. W. I'll soon convince you of that—farewell. (*Exit.*

Y. W. Ha! Gone! I don't like that? I am sorry to find him so resolute: But I hope *Hillaria* has taken too fast hold of his Heart, to let this Fit shake him off. I must to her, and make up this breach: For while his Amour stands still I have no hopes of advancing my own. (*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Hillaria, Narciſſa, *and* Amanda, *in Mourning.*

Hil. Well, dear *Amanda*, thou art the moſt Conſtant Wife I ever heard of: Not to ſhake off the Memory of an ill Husband, after 8 or 10 years abſence; nay, to Mourn for ought you know for the Living too, and ſuch an Husband, that thô he were alive, wou'd never thank you for't: why d'ye perſiſt in ſuch a hopeleſs Grief?

Am. Becauſe 'tis hopeleſs! For if he be alive, he is Dead to me; his Dead Affections not Virtues ſelf can e'er retrieve; wou'd I were with him, thô in his Grave!

Hill. In my mind, you are much better where you are! The Grave! Young Widows uſe to have warmer wiſhes. But methinks the Death of a Rich old Uncle, ſhou'd be a Cordial to your Sorrows.

Am That adds to 'em; for he was the only Relation I had left, and was as tender of me, as the neareſt! He was a Father to me.

Hil. He was better then ſome Fathers to you; for he dyed, juſt when you had Occaſion for his Eſtate.

Nar. I have an old Father, and the Duce take me, I think he only lives to hinder me of my Occaſions; but Lord bleſs me, Madam, how can you be unhappy with 2000*l.* a year in your own Poſſeſſion?

Hill. For my part, the greateſt Reaſon I think you have to grieve, is that you are not ſure your Husband's dead, for were that confirm'd, then indeed there were hopes, that one Poyſon might drive out another, you might Marry agen.

Am. All the Comfort of my Life is, that I can tell my Conſcience, I have been true to Virtue.

Hill. And to an Extravagant Husband, that cares not a Farthing for you. But come let's leave this unſeaſonable Talk, and pray give me a little of your Advice! what

T. Wor. She has Sence.

E. Wor. Not enough to believe I am no Fool.

T. W. She has Wit.

E. W. Not enough to deceive me.

T. Wor. Why then you are happy, if she can't deceive you.

E. W. Yet she has Folly enough to endeavour it: I'll see her no more, and this shall tell her so.

T. W. Which in an Hour's time you'll repent, as much as ever.

E. W. As ever I shou'd Marrying her.

T. W. You'll have a damn'd meaking look, when you are forc't to ask her Pardon, for your ingenerous Suspicion, and lay the fault upon Excess of Love.

E. W. I am not so much in Love as you imagine.

T. W. Indeed, Sir, you are in Love, and that better tells her so.

E. W. Read it, you'll find the contrary.

T. W. Prithee I know what's in't, better then thou dost: You say, 'tis to take your leave of her; but I say 'tis in hopes of a kind Exclusive Answer: But Faith you mistake her and your self too; she is too high Spirited not to take you at your word; and you are too much in Love, not to ask her Pardon.

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T. W. Your Visits! Come, I shall soon try what a Man of resolution you are —— for yonder she comes —— now, Let's see if you have power to move.

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Enter

Enter Hillaria, Narcissa, *and* Amanda, *in Mourning.*

Hil. Well, dear *Amanda*, thou art the most Constant Wife I ever heard of: Not to shake off the Memory of an ill Husband, after 8 or 10 years absence; nay, to Mourn for ought you know for the Living too, and such an Husband, that thô he were alive, wou'd never thank you for't: why d'ye persist in such a hopeless Grief?

Am. Because 'tis hopeless! For if he be alive, he is Dead to me; his Dead Affections not Virtues self can e'er retrieve; wou'd I were with him, thô in his Grave!

Hil. In my mind, you are much better where you are! The Grave! Young Widows use to have warmer wishes. But methinks the Death of a Rich old Uncle, shou'd be a Cordial to your Sorrows.

Am That adds to 'em; for he was the only Relation I had left, and was as tender of me, as the neareſt! He was a Father to me.

Hil. He was better then some Fathers to you; for he dyed, just when you had Occasion for his Estate.

Nar. I have an old Father, and the Duce take me, I think he only lives to hinder me of my Occasions; but Lord bless me, Madam, how can you be unhappy with 2000*l.* a year in your own Possession?

Hil. For my part, the greatest Reason I think you have to grieve, is that you are not sure your Husband's dead, for were that confirm'd, then indeed there were hopes, that one Poyson might drive out another, you might Marry agen.

Am. All the Comfort of my Life is, that I can tell my Conscience, I have been true to Virtue.

Hil. And to an Extravagant Husband, that cares not a Farthing for you. But come let's leave this unseasonable Talk, and pray give me a little of your Advice! what

ſhall I do with this Mr. *Worthy*? wou'd you adviſe me to make a Husband of him?

Am. I am but an ill Judge of Men; the only one *I* thought my ſelf ſecure of, moſt cruelly deceived me?

Hil. A loſing Gameſter is fitteſt to give Counſel; what d'ye think of him?

Am. Better then of any Man I know: *I* read nothing in him but what is ſome part of a good Man's Character.

Hil. He's Jealous.

Am. He's a Lover.

Hil. He Taxes me with a Fool!

Am. He would preſerve your Reputation, and a Fool's love ends only in the Ruin of it.

Hil. Methinks he's not Handſom?

Am. He's a Man, Madam.

Hil. Why then e'en let him make a Woman of me.

Nar. Pray, Madam, what d'ye think of his Brother? (*Smiling.*

Am. I wou'd not think of him.

Nar. Oh dear, why pray?

Am. He puts me in mind of a Man too like him, one that had Beauty, Wit, and Falſehood! ———

Nar. You have hit ſome part of his Character, *I* muſt confeſs Madam; but as to his Truth, I'm ſure he loves only me.

Am. *I* don't doubt but he tells you ſo, nay, and ſwears it too.

Nar. O Lord! Madam, *I* hope *I* may without Vanity believe him.

Am. But you will hardly without Magick ſecure him.

Nar. *I* ſhall uſe no Spells, or Charms, but this Poor Face, Madam.

Am. And your Fortune, Madam.

Nar. (Senſeleſs Malice!) (*aſide.*) *I* know he'd marry me without a Groat.

Am. Then he's not the Man *I* take him for.

Nar. Why pray ——— what do you take him for?

Am.

Ann. A wild young Fellow, that loves every thing he sees.

Nat. He never lov'd you yet. (*peevishly.*

Ann. I hope, Madam, he never saw any thing in me to Encourage him.

Nat. In my conscience you are in the right on't, Madam, I dare swear he never did, nor e'er wou'd, tho' he gaz'd till Dooms-day.

Ann. I hope, Madam, your Charms will prevent his putting himself to the Tryal, and I wish he may never ——

Nat. Nay, dear, Madam, no more railing at him, unless you wou'd have me believe you love him.

Hill. Indeed Ladies you are both in the wrong, you, Cousin, in being angry at what you desir'd, her Opinion of your Lover; and you, Madam, for speaking truth against the Man she resolves to Love.

Nat. Love him! prithee, Cousin, no more of that old stuff.

Hill. Stuff! why? don't you own you are to marry him this week — Here he comes, I suppose you'l tell him another thing in his Ear.

Enter Young Worthy.

Hill. Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant! you look with the face of Business, what's the News, pray?

T. W. Faith, Madam, I have news for you all, and private news too: But that of the greatest consequence is with this Lady: Your pardon Ladies, I'll whisper with you all, one after another.

Nat. Come, Cousin, will you walk, the Gentleman has business, we shall interrupt him.

Hill. Why really, Cousin, I don't say positively you love Mr. *Worthy*, but I vow this looks very like Jealousie.

Nat. Pish! Lord! *Hillaria*, you are in a very odd humour

mour to day. But to let you see *I* have no such weak thoughts about me, *I'll* wait as unconcern'd as your self. (*I'll* rattle him.) (*Aside.*)

Am. Not unpleasing say you? pray, Sir, unfold your self, for *I* have long despair'd of welcome news.

T. W. Then in a word, Madam, your Husband Mr. *Loveless* is in Town, and has been these three days, I parted with him not an hour ago.

Am. In Town, you amaze me! for heaven's sake go on.

T. W. Faith, Madam, considering *Italy*, and those parts have furnisht him with nothing but an improvement of that Lewdness he carry'd over; I can't properly give you joy of his arrival: Besides, he is so very poor, that you wou'd take him for an Inhabitant of that Country. And when *I* confirm'd your being dead, he only shook his Head, and call'd you good natur'd fool, or to that effect. Nay, thô *I* told him his unkindness broke your heart.

Am. Barbarous Man! not shed a Tear upon my grave? But why did you tell him *I* was dead?

T. Wor. Because, Madam, I thought you had no mind to have your house plundered, and for another reason, which if you dare listen to me, perhaps you'l not dislike. In a word 'tis such a Stratagem that will either make him asham'd of his Folly, or in love with your Virtue.

Am. Can there be a hope, when even my death cou'd not move him to a relenting sigh! Yet pray instruct me, Sir.

T. Wor. You know, Madam, 'twas not above four or five months after you were Married, but (as most young Husbands do) he grew weary of you: Now I am confident 'twas more an Affectation of being Fashionably Vicious, than any reasonable dislike. he cou'd either find in your Mind or Person: Therefore cou'd you by some artifice, pass upon him, as a new Mistress, I am apt to believe you wou'd find none of the wonted coldness in his Love; But a younger heat, and fierce desire.

Am. Suppose this done! What wou'd be the consequence!

T. Wor. O your having then a just occasion to reproach

him

him with his broken Vows, and to let him see the weakness of his deluded Fancy, which even in a Wife, while unknown, cou'd find those real Charms, which his blind, ungrateful lewdness wou'd ne'er allow her to be Mistress of. After this, I'd have you seem, freely to resign him to those Fancy'd Raptures, which he deny'd were in a Virtuous Woman: who knows but this with a little Submissive Eloquence, may strike him with so great sense of shame, as may reform his thoughts, and fix him yours?

Am. You have reviv'd me, Sir: But how can I assure my self he'll like me as a Mistress?

T. Wor. From your being a new one — Leave the management of all to me; I have a trick shall draw him to your Bed, and when he's there, Faith e'en let him Cuckold himself, I'll engage he likes you as a Mistress, tho he cou'd not as a Wife. At least she'll have the pleasure of knowing the difference between a Husband and a Lover, without the Scandal of the former. (*Aside.*

Am. You have oblig'd me, Sir; if I succeed, the Glory shall be yours.

T. W. I'll wait on you at your Lodging, and consult how I may be farther serviceable to you: But you must put this in a speedy Execution, least he should hear of you, and prevent your designs, in the mean time, 'tis a secret to all the World, but your self and me.

Am. I'll study to be grateful, Sir.

T. W. Now for you, Madam. (*To* Hillaria.

Nar. So! I am to be last serv'd: very well! (*Aside.*

T. W. My Brother, Madam, confesses he scatter'd some rough Words last Night, and I have taken the Liberty to tell you, you gave him some provocation.

Hill. That may be; but I'm resolv'd to be Mistress of my Actions before Marriage, and no Man shall Usurp a power over me, till I give it him.

T. W. At least, Madam, consider what he said, as the effects of an Impatient passion, and give him leave this afternoon to set all right again.

Hill.

Hill. Well, if I don't find my self out of Order after Dinner, perhaps I may step into the Garden: But I won't promise you neither.

T. W. I dare believe you without it——Now, Madam, I am your humble Servant. (*To* Nar.

Nar. And every body's humble Servant. (*Walks off.*

T. Wor. Why, Madam, I am come to tell you——

Nar. What Success you have had with that Lady, I suppose, *I* don't mind Intrigues, Sir.

T. W. *I* like this Jealousie however, tho' *I* scarce know how to appease it. 'Tis business of Moment, Madam, and may be done in a Moment.

Nar. Yours is done with me, Sir, but my business is not so soon done as you imagine.

T. W. In a word, I have very near reconcil'd my Brother, and your Cousin, and I don't doubt but to morrow will be the day, if *I* were but as well assur'd of your consent for my Happiness too!

Nar. First tell me your Discourse with that Lady; and afterwards if you can, look me in the Face——Oh are you studying, Sir?

T. W. S'Death! *I* must not trust her with it, she'll tell it the whole Town for a Secret——Pox, ne'er a lye!

Nar. You said it was of the greatest consequence too!

T. W. A good hint Faith. (*Aside.*) Why, Madam, since you will needs force it from me, 'twas to desire her to advance my Interest with you: But all my intreaties cou'd not prevail: For she told me *I* was unworthy of you: Was not this of consequence, Madam?

Nar. Nay, now *I* must believe you, Mr. *Worthy*, and *I* ask your pardon, for she was just railing against you for a Husband, before you came.

T. W. Oh! Madam, a favour'd Lover like a good Poem, for the malice of some few, makes the generous temper more admire it.

Nar. Nay, what she said, *I* must confess, had much the same effects as the Coffee Criticks ridiculing Prince *Arthur*,

Arthur, for *I* found a pleaſing diſappointment in my reading you, and till *I* ſee your Beauty's Equal'd, *I* ſhan't diſlike you for a few faults.

T. W. Then, Madam, ſince you have bleſt me with your good Opinion, let me beg of you, before theſe Ladies, to compleat my Happineſs to morrow. Let this be the laſt night of your lying alone.

Nar. What de'e mean?

T. W. To marry you to Morrow, Madam.

Nar. Marry me! Who put that in your head?

T. W. Some ſmall Encouragement which my Hopes have form'd, Madam.

Nar. Hopes! Oh *Inſolence*! if it once comes to that *I* don't queſtion but you have been familiar with me in your *Imagination*. Marry you! What lye in a naked bed with you! Trembling by your ſide, like a tame Lamb for Sacrifice! De'e think *I* can be mov'd to love a Man, to kiſs him, toy with him, and ſo forth!

T. Wor. I gad! *I* find nothing but down right *Impudence* will do with her. (*Aſide.*) No, Madam, tis the Man muſt kiſs, and toy with you, and ſo forth! Come my dear Angel, pronounce the Joyful Word, and draw the Scene of my Eternal Happineſs. Ah! methinks *I'm* there already, Eager and *Impatient* of approaching Bliſs! Juſt laid within the Bridal Bed, our Friends retir'd, the Curtains cloſe drawn around us, no light but *Celia's* Eyes, no noiſe but her ſoft trembling words, and broken ſighs, that plead in vain for mercy: And now a trickling Tear ſteals down her glowing Cheek, which tells the Ruſhing Lover at length ſhe yields: Yet vows ſhe'd rather dye. But ſtill ſubmits to the unexperienc'd Joy. (*Embracing her.*

Hill. What Raptures Mr. *Worthy*!

T. Wor. Only the force of Love in imagination, Madam.

Nar. O Lord! dear Couſin! and Madam! let's be gone, *I* vow he grows rude! Oh! for Heavens ſake, *I* ſhant ſhake of my fright theſe ten days, O Lord! *I* will not

ſtay.

ſtay ——— begone! for I declare I loath the ſight of you. (*Exit.*

T. Wor. I hope you'l ſtand my Friend, Madam.

Hill. I'll get her into the Garden after dinner. (*Exeunt.*

T. Wor. I find there's nothing to be done with my Lady before Company, 'tis a ſtrange affected piece —— But there's no fault in her 1000 *l.* a year, and that's the Load-ſtone that attracts my heart —— The Wiſe, and Grave, may tell us of ſtrange *Chimera's* call'd Virtues in a Woman, and that they alone are the beſt Dowry; but faith we younger Brothers are of another mind.

Women are changed from what they were of old:
Therefore let Lovers ſtill this Maxim hold,
She's only worth that brings her weight in Gold.

(*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT II.

The SCENE a Garden belonging to Sir William Wisewoud's House.

Enter Narcissa, Hillaria, *and Sir* Novelty Fashion.

Hill. OH! for Heavens sake! no more of this Gallantry Sir *Novelty*; For I know you say the same to every Woman you see.

Sir *Nov.* Every one that sees you, Madam, must say the same. Your Beauty, like the Rack forces every beholder to Confess his Crime—of daring to adore you.

Nar. Oh! Han't Patience to hear all this! if he be Blind I'll open his Eyes—I vow Sir *Novelty*, you Men of Amour are Strange Creatures: You think no Woman worth your while, unless you Walk over a Rivals Ruine to her Heart; I know nothing has encouraged your Passion to my Couzen more, than her Engagement to Mr. *Worthy*.

Hill. Poor Creature now is she Angry, she han't the Address of a Fop Inauseate! *Aside.*

Sir *Nov.* Oh! Madam, as to that, I hope the Lady will easily Distinguish the Sincerity of her Adorers—Tho' I must allow Mr. *Worthy* is Infinitely the Hansomer Person!

Nar. O! fye Sir *Novelty*, make not such a Preposterous Comparison!

Sir *Nov.* Oh! Ged! Madam, there is no Comparison.

Nar. Pardon me Sir! he's an unpolisht Animal!

Sir *Nov.* Why does your Ladiship really think me tolerable?

Hill. So! she has Snapt his Heart already. *Aside.*

Sir *Nov.* Pray Madam, how do I looke to day? What, Curſedly? I'll warrant with a more Helliſh Complexion, than an Stale Actreſs at a Rehearſal—— I don't know Madam—tis true—the Town does talk of me indeed—but the Devil take me in my mind I am a very ugly Fellow!

Nar. Now you are too ſevere, Sir *Novelty*!

Sir *Nov.* Not I, burn me.—For Heavens ſake deal freely with me, Madam, and if you can, tell me—one tolerable thing about me?

Hill. T'wou'd poſe me, I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*

Nar. Oh! Sir *Novelty* this is unanſwerable; 'tis hard to know the brighteſt part of a Diamond.

Sir *Nov.* You'l make me bluſh, ſtop my Vitals, Madam—I ga'd I always ſaid ſhe was a Woman of Senſe. Strike me Dumb, I am in love with her—I'll try her farther (*aſide.*)—But Madam, is it poſſible I may vie with Mr. *Worthy*—not that he is any Rival of mine, Madam, For I can aſſure you my Inclinations lye, where perhaps your Ladyſhip little thinks.

Hill. So! now I am rid of him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* But Pray tell me, Madam: For I really Love a ſevere Critick, I am ſure you muſt believe he has a more happy Genius in Dreſs: For my part I am but a Sloven.

Nar. He a Genius! unſufferable! why he dreſſes worſe than a Captain of the Militia: But you Sir *Novelty* are a true Original, the very Pink of Faſhion; I'll warrant there's not a Milliner in Town, but has got an Eſtate by you?

Sir *Nov.* I muſt Confeſs Madam, I am for doing good, to my Country: For you ſee this Suit, Madam,——I Suppoſe you are not ignorant what a hard time the Ribbon Weavers have had ſince the late Mourning: Now my deſign is to ſet the Poor Rogues up again, by recommending this ſort of Trimming: The Fancy is pretty well for ſecond Mourning,—By the way Madam, I had Fifteen Hundred Guineas laid in my hand as a Gratuity to encourage it: But

I gad I refus'd 'em being too well acquainted with the consequence of taking a Bribe, in a National concern!

Hill. A very Charitable Fashion indeed Sir *Novelty*; But how if it should not take?

Nar. Ridiculous! take! I warrant you in a Week the whole Town will have it: Tho' perhaps Mr. *Worthy* will be one of the last of 'em: He's a meer *Valet* de *Chambre* to all Fashion; and never is in any till his Betters have left them off.

Sir *Nov.* Nay Ged now I must laugh, for the Devil take me, if I did not meet him, not above Fortnight ago, in a Coat with Buttons no bigger than Nutmegs.

Hill. There I must Confess you out-do him, Sir *Novelty*.

Sir *Nov.* Oh dear, Madam, why mine are not above three Inches Diameter.

Hill. But methinks, Sir *Novelty*, your Sleeve is a little too Extravagant.

Sir *No.* Nay, Madam, there you wrong me, mine does but just reach my Knuckles. But my Lord *Overdo*'s covers his Diamond Ring.

Hill. Nay, I confess, the Fashion may be very useful to you, Gentlemen, that make Campaigns; for shou'd you unfortunately lose an Arm, or so, that Sleeve might be very convenient to hide the defect on't.

Sir *Nov.* Ha! I think your Ladiship's in the right on't, Madam. [*Hiding his Hand in his sleeve.*

Nar. Oh! such an Air! so becoming a Negligence! Upon my Soul, Sir *Novelty*, you'll be the Envy of the Beau Monde!

Hill. Mr. *Worthy*! a good Fancy were thrown away upon him! But you, Sir, are an ornament to your Cloths.

Sir *Nov.* Then your Ladiship really thinks they are--- *Bien Entendue*!

Hill. A *Merveille*, *Monsieur*!

Sir *Nov.* She has almost as much Wit as her Cousen--

I must confess, Madam, this Coat has had a Universal Approbation: For this Morning I had all the Eminent Taylors about Town at my Levèe, earnestly Petitioning for the first Measure of it: Now, Madam, if you thought 'twou'd oblige Mr. *Worthy*, I would let his Taylor have it before any of 'em.

Nar. See here he comes, and the Duce take me, I think 'twou'd be a great piece of good nature; for I declare he looks as Rough as a *Dutch* Corporal.—Prithee, Sir *Novelty* lets laugh at him!

Sir *Nov.* O Ged! No, Madam, that were too cruel: Why you know he can't help it—Lets take no notice of him.

Hill. Wretched Coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Enter Elder Worthy.

E. Wor. I find my Resolution is but vain, my Feet have brought me hither 'gainst my will: But sure I can command my Tongue, which I'll bite off, ere it shall seek a Reconciliation. Still so familiar there! But 'tis no matter, I'll try if I can wear Indifference, and seem as careless in my Love, as she is of her Honour, which she can never truly know the worth of, while she persists to let a Fool thus play with it.—Ladies, your humble Servant.

Hill. Now can't I forbear fretting his Spleen a little (*aside.*) Oh! Mr. *Worthy*, we are admiring Sir *Novelty*, and his new Suit, did you ever see so sweet a Fancy? He is as full of variety as a good Play.

E. Wor. He's a very pleasant Comedy indeed, Madam, and drest with a great deal of good Satyr, and no doubt may oblige both the Stage and the Town, especially the Ladies.

Hill. So! There's for me.—— [*Aside.*

Sir *Nov.* O Ged! Nay prithee, *Tom.* you know my Humour,----Ladies! Stop my vitals! I don't believe there are five Hundred in Town that ever took any notice of me.

El.

El. Wor. Oh, Sir, there are ſome that take ſo much notice of you, that the Town takes notice of them for't.

Hill. It works rarely. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Nov.* How of them, *Tom.* upon my account! O Ged, I wou'd not be the Ruin of any Lady's Reputation for the World: Stop my Vitals, I am very ſorry for't; Prethee name but one, that has a favourable Thought of me, and to convince you that I have no deſign upon her, I'll inſtantly viſit her in an unpowder'd Periwig.

El. Wor. Nay, ſhe, I mean, is a Woman of Senſe too.

Sir *Nov.* Phoo! Prithee, Pox, don't banter me: 'Tis impoſſible! what can ſhe ſee in me?

El. Wor. Oh, a thouſand taking Qualities! This Lady will inform you——Come, I'll Introduce you. (*Pulls him*)

Sir *Nov.* O Ged no! Prithee!——Hark you in your Ear——I am off of her! Demmy if I ben't, I am, ſtop my Vitals!

El. Wor. Wretched Rogue! (*aſide*) Pſhaw! no matter, I'll reconcile you, Come, come, Madam.

Hill. Sir!

El. Wor. This Gentleman humbly begs to kiſs your Hands.

Hill. He needs not your Recommendation, Sir.

El. Wor. True! a Fool recommends himſelf to your Sex, and that's the Reaſon Men of common Senſe live unmarried.

Hill. A Fool without Jealouſy, is better than a Wit with Ill-nature.

El. Wor. A friendly Office, ſeeing your Fault is Ill-Nature.

Hill. Believing more than we have is pitiful,—— You know I hate this Wretch, loath, and ſcorn him.

El. Wor. Fools have a ſecret Art of pleaſing Women: If he did not delight you, you wou'd not hazard your Reputation, by encouraging his Love.

Hill. Dares he wrong my Reputation?

El. Wor. He need not; the World will do it for him, while you keep him company.

Hill. I dare anſwer it to the World.

El. Wor. Then why not to me?

Hill. To ſatisfy you, were a Fondneſs, I never ſhou'd forgive my ſelf.

El. Wor. To perſiſt in it, is what I'll ne'er forgive.

Hill. Inſolence! is it come to this? Never ſee me more.

El. Wor. I have loſt the ſight of you already; there hangs a Cloud of Folly between you, and the Woman I once thought you. (*As Hillaria is going off.*)

Enter Young Worthy.

Y. Wor. What to our ſelves in Paſſion we propoſe,
The Paſſion ceaſing does the Purpoſe loſe: Madam, therefore pray let me engage you to ſtay a little till your Fury is over, that you may ſee whether you have reaſon to be angry, or no.

Sir *Nov.* (To *Nar.*) Pray, Madam, who is that Gentleman?

Nar. Mr. *Worthy*'s Brother, Sir, a Gentleman of no mean parts, I can aſſure you.

Sir *Nov.* I don't doubt it, Madam,——He has a very good walk.

Hill. To be jealous of me with a Fool, is an affront to my underſtanding.

Y. *Wor.* Tamely to Reſign your Reputation to the mercileſs Vanity of a Fool, were no proof of his Love.

Hill. Tis Queſtioning my Conduct.

Y. *Wor.* Why you let him Kiſs your Hand laſt Night before his Face.

Hill.

Hill. The Fool diverted me, and I gave him my hand, as I wou'd lend my Mony, Fan, or Hankerchief to a Legerdemain, that I might see him play all his Tricks over.

Y. *Wor.* O Madam! no Juggler is so deceitful as a Fop; for while you look his Folly in the Face, he Steals away your Reputation, with more Ease, than the other Picks your Pocket.

Hill. Some Fools indeed are dangerous.

Y. *Wor.* I grant you, your design is only to laugh at him: But that's more than he finds out: Therefore you must expect he will tell the World another Story: And 'tis Ten to One, but the consequence makes you repent of your Curiosity.

Hill. You speak like an Oracle: I tremble at the thoughts on't.

Y. *Wor.* Here's one shall reconcile your Fears——Brother I have done your business: *Hillaria* is convinced of her Indiscretion, and has a pardon ready for your asking it.

E. *Wor.* She's the Criminal, I have no occasion for it.

Y. *Wor.* See she comes toward you, give her a Civil word at least.

Hill. Mr. *Worthy*, I'll not be behind-hand in the Acknowledgment I owe you: I freely confess my Folly, and forgive your harsh Construction of it: Nay, I'll not condemn your want of good Nature, in not indeavouring, (as your Brother has done,) by mild arguments to convince me of my Error.

E. *Wor.* Now you vanquish me! I blush to be outdone in Generous Love! I am your Slave, dispose of me as you please.

Hill. No more, from this hour be you the Master of my Actions, and my Heart.

E. *Wor.* This goodness gives you the Power, and I obey with Pleasure.

Y. *Wor.*

Y. *Wor.* So! I find I han't preach't to no purpose! Well Madam if you find him Guilty of Love, ev'n let to Morrow be his Execution day, make a Husband of him, and there's the Extent of Loves Law.

E. *Wor.* Brother I am indebted to you.

Y. *Wor.* Well I'll give you a discharge, if you will but leave me but half an hour in private with that Lady.

Hill. How will you get rid of Sir *Novelty*?

Y. *Wor.* I'll warrant you, leave him to me.

Hill. Come, Mr. *Worthy*, as we walk, I'll inform you, how I intend to sacrifice that Wretch to your laughter.

E. *Wor.* Not, Madam, that I want Revenge on so contemptible a Creature: But, I think, you owe this Justice to your self, to let him see (if possible) you never took him for any other, than what he really is.

Y. *Wor.* Well! Pox of your Politicks, Prithee consult of 'em within.

Hill. We'll obey you Sir.—— [*Exeunt Elder* Worthy [*and* Hillaria.

Y. *Wor.* Pray, Madam, give me leave to beg a word in private with you; Sir if you please——(*To Sir Novelty who is taking Snuff*)

Sir *Nov.* Ay Sir, with all my heart.

Y. *Wor.* Sir.——

Sir *Nov.* Nay, 'tis right, I'll assure you, (*offering his Box*)

Y. *Wor.* Ay Sir——but now the Lady wou'd be alone.

Sir *Nov.* Sir!

Y. *Wor.* The Lady wou'd be alone, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* I don't hear her say any such thing.

Y. *Wor.* Then I tell you so, and I wou'd advise you to believe me.

Sir *Nov.* I shall not take your advice, Sir: But if you really think the Lady wou'd be alone, why——you had best leave her.

Y. *Wor.*

Y. *Wor.* In ſhort, Sir, your Company is very unſeaſonable at preſent.

Sir *Nov.* I can tell you, Sir, if you have no more Wit, than Manners, the Lady will be but ſcurvily entertain'd.

Nar. Oh fie, Gentlemen, no Quarrelling before a Woman, I beſeech you. Pray let me know the Buſineſs.

Sir *Nov.* My buſineſs is Love, Madam.

Nar. And yours, Sir!

Y. *Wor.* What, I hope you are no ſtranger too, Madam: As for that Spark you need take no Care of him, for if he ſtays much longer I will do his Buſineſs myſelf.

Nar. Well, I vow Love's a pleaſant thing, when the Men come to cutting of Throats once: O Gad! I'de fain have them fight a little——Methinks *Narciſſa* wou'd ſound ſo great in an Expiring Lover's Mouth—— Well, I am reſolved Sir *Novelty* ſhall not go yet; for I will have the pleaſure of hearing my ſelf prais'd a little, though I don't marry this Month for't——Come, Gentlemen, ſince you Both ſay Love's your buſineſs, ev'n plead for your ſelves, and he that ſpeaks the greater Paſſion, ſhall have the faireſt Return.

Y. *W.* Oh, the Devil! now is ſhe wrapt with the hopes of a little Flattery! There's no remedy but Patience. S'Death, what peice have I to work upon!

Nar. Come Gentlemen, one at a time, Sir *Novelty* what have you to ſay to me?

Sir *Nov.* In the firſt place, Madam, I was the firſt Perſon in *England* that was complemented with the name of Beau, which is a Title I prefer before Right Honourable: For that may be Inherited: But this I Extorted from the whole Nation, by my ſurpriſing Mien, and unxampled Gallantry.

Nar. So, Sir!

Sir *Nov.* Then another thing, Madam, it has been obſerved, that I have been Eminently ſucceſsful in thoſe Faſhions, I have recommended to the Town, and I don't

queſtion, but this very Suit will Raiſe as many Ribbond-Weavers, as ever the Clipping, or Melting Trade did Gold-Smiths.

Nar. Piſh! what does the Fool mean! he ſays nothing of me yet.

Sir *Nov.* In ſhort Madam, the Cravat-ſtring, the Garter, the Sword-knot, the Centurine, the Bardaſh, the Steinkirk, the large Button, the long Sleeve, the Plume, and full Peruque, were all created, cry'd down, or revived by me; in a word Madam, there has never been any thing particularly taking, or agreeable for theſe ten Years paſt, but your humble Servant was the Author of it.

Y. Wor. Where the Devil will this end?

Nar. This is all Extravagent, Sir *Novelty*; but what have you to ſay to me Sir?

Sir *Nov.* I'll come to you preſently Madam, I have juſt done: Then you muſt know my Coach, and Equipage are as well known, as my ſelf; and ſince the conveniency of two Play-Houſes I have a better Opportunity of ſhewing them: For between every Act—Whisk—I am gone from one to th' other——Oh! what Pleaſure 'tis at a good Play, to go out before half an Act's done!

Nar. Why at a good Play?

Sir *Nov.* O! Madam it looks Particular, and gives the whole Audience an Opportunity of turning upon me at once: Then do they conclude I have ſome Extraordinary Buſineſs, or a Fine Woman to go to at leaſt: And then again it ſhews my Contempt of what the dull Town think their chiefeſt Diverſion: But if I do ſtay a Play out, I always ſet with my Back to the Stage.

Nar. Why ſo Sir?

Sir *Nov.* Then every Body will imagine I have been tired with it before; or that I am jealous who talks to who in the Kings Box. And thus, Madam, do I take more pains to preſerve a Publick Reputation, then

ever

ever any Lady took after the Small-Pox, to recover her Complexion.

Nar. Well but to the Point, what have you to say to me, Sir *Novelty?*

Y. Wor. Now does she expect some Compliment shall out-flatter her Glass.

Sir *Nov.* To you Madam,——Why I have been saying all this to you.

Nar. To what end, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* Why all this have I done for your sake.

Nar. What Kindness is it to me?

Sir *Nov.* Why, Madam don't you think it more Glory to be beloved by one Eminently Particular Person, whom all the Town knows and talks of; than to be ador'd by five Hundred dull Souls, that have lived Incognito?

Nar. That I must confess is a prevailing Argument, but still you han't told me why you Love me?

Y. Wor. That's a Task he has left for me, Madam.

Sir *Nov.* Tis a Province I never undertake, I must Confess, I think tis sufficient if I tell a Lady why she shou'd Love me?

Nar. Hang him! he's too conceited, he's so in Love with himself, he won't allow a Woman the bare Comfort of a Cold Compliment:—Well Mr *Worthy*,

Y. Wor. Why, Madam, I have observed several particular Qualities in your Ladyship, that I have perfectly ador'd you for, as the Majestick toss of your Head,—Your obliging Bow'd Curtesie--your Satyrical Smile,—Your blushing Laugh--your Demure Look--the careless Tye of your Hood--the Genteel flirt of your Fan--The designed Accident in your letting fall, and your agreeable manner of receiving it from him that takes it up. } *What he speaks she imitates in dumb shew.*

They both offer to take up her Fan, and in striving Y. Worthy *pushes Sir* Novelty *on his Back.*

Sir *Nov.* (*Adjusting himself*) I hope your Ladiſhip will excuſe my diſorder, Madam,——How now!

Enter a Footman *to Sir* Novelty.

Foot. Oh! Sir, Mrs. *Flareit.*——

Sir *Nov.* Ha! ſpeak lower, what of her?

Foot. By ſome unlucky Accident has diſcover'd your being here, and raves like a Mad-woman: She's at your Lodging Sir, and had broke you above Forty Pounds worth of *China* before I came away; ſhe talkt of following hither, and if you don't make haſte, I'm afraid will be here before you can get through the Houſe, Sir.

Sir *Nov.* This Woman is certainly the Devil; her Jealouſie is Implacable, I muſt get rid of her, though I give her more for a ſeparate Maintenance, than her Conſcience demanded for a Settlement before Enjoyment.——See the Coach ready, and if you meet her, be ſure you ſtop her with ſome pretended buſineſs, till I am got away from hence——Madam, I ask your Ladiſhip ten thouſand Pardons: There's a Perſon of Quality expects me at my Lodging upon extraordinary Buſineſs.

Nar. What, will you leave us, Sir *Novelty?*

Sir *Nov.* As unwillingly as the Soul the Body: But this is an Irreſiſtible Occaſion! ——Madam your moſt Devoted Slave.——Sir your moſt humble Servant.——Madam, I kiſs your hands.——
Oh Ged, no farther dear Sir, upon my Soul I won't ſtir if you do.—— Y. W. *Sees him to the Door.*

[*Exit Sir* Novelty.

Y. *Wor.*

Y. *Wor.* Nay then Sir, Your humble Servant: So! this was a lucky Deliverance.

Nar. I over-heard the Buſineſs.——You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, a Man muſt be a ſlave to a Miſtreſs ſometimes, as well as a Wife; Yet all can't perſwade your Sex to a favourable Opinion of Poor Marriage.

Y. *Wor.* I long, Madam, for an Opportunity to Convince you of your Error; And therefore give me leave to hope to Morrow you will free me from the pain of farther Expectation, and make an Husband of me.——Come I'll ſpare your Bluſhes, and believe I have already nam'd the day.

Nar. Had not we better conſider a little?

Y. *Wor.* No, let's avoid Conſideration, 'tis an Enemy both to Love and Courage; They that conſider much, live to be Old Batchelors, and Young Fighters. No! no! we ſhall have time enough to conſider after Marriage——But why are you ſo ſerious, Madam?

Nar. Not but I do conſent to Morrow ſhall be the day, Mr. *Worthy*: But I'm afraid you have not lov'd me long enough to make our Marriage be the Town-talk: For 'tis the Faſhion now to be the Town-talk, and you know one had as good be out of the World, as out of the Faſhion.

Y. *Wor.* I don't know, Madam, what you call Town-talk, but it has been in the News-Letters above a Fortnight ago, that we were already married. Beſide, the laſt Song I made of you, has been ſung at the Muſick Meeting; and you may Imagine, Madam, I took no little care to let the Ladies and the Beaux know who 'twas made on.

Nar. Well, and what ſaid the Ladies?

Y. *Wor.* What was moſt obſervable, Madam, was that while it was ſinging my Lady *Manlove* went out in a great Paſſion.

Nar.

Nar. Poor Jealous Animal! on my Conſcience that Charitable Creature has ſuch a Fund of kind Compliance for all young Fellows, whoſe Love lies dead upon their hands, that ſhe has been as great a Hindrance to us Vertuous Women, as ever the Bank of *England* was to City *Gold-Smiths*.

Y. Wor. The Reaſon of that is Madam, becauſe you Vertuous Ladies pay no Intereſt: I muſt confeſs the Principal, our Health is a little ſecurer with you.

Nar. Well, and is not that an Advantage worth entring into Bonds for? not but I vow we vertuous Devils do love to inſult a little; and to ſay Truth, it looks too Credulous, and Eaſy in a Woman to Encourage a Man before he has ſigh'd himſelf to a Skeleton.

Y. Wor. But Heaven be thankt, we are pretty even with you in the End: For the longer you hold us off before Marriage, the ſooner we fall off after it.

Nar. What then, you take Marriage to be a kind of Jeſuits Powder, that infallibly cures the Fever of Love?

Y. Wor. 'Tis indeed a Jeſuits Powder; for the Prieſts firſt invented it: And only abſtain'd from it, becauſe they knew it had a better Taſte: Then guilded it over with a pretended Bleſſing, and ſo palm'd it upon the unthinking Laity.

Nar. Prithee don't ſcrue your Wit beyond the compaſs of *Good Manners*——Dee think I ſhall be Tun'd to Matrimony by your railing againſt it? If you have ſo little ſtomach to it, I'll ev'n make you faſt a Week longer.

Y. Wor. Ay, but let me tell you, Madam, 'tis no pollicy to keep a Lover at a thin Diet in hopes to raiſe his Appetite on the Wedding-Night, for then

We come like ſtarving Beggars to a Feaſt,
Where unconfin'd we Feed with Eager Haſte,
Till each repeated Morſel palls the Taſte.
Marriage gives Prodigals a Boundleſs Treaſure,
Who ſquander that, which might be laſting Pleaſure,
And Women think they ne'er have over Meaſure.

ACT III.

The SCENE *Sir* William Wiſewou'd's *Houſe.*

Enter Amanda *and* Hillaria *Meeting.*

Am. MY Dear, I have News for you.

Hill. I gueſs at it: And wou'd be fain ſatisfied of the Particulars: Your Husband is returned, and I hear knows nothing of your being alive: Young *Worthy* has told me of your deſign upon him.

Am. T'is that I wanted your advice in; what think you of it?

Hill. O! I admire it: Next to forgetting your Husband, tis the Beſt Council was ever given you; for under the Diſguiſe of Miſtreſs, you may now take a fair advantage of Indulging your Love, and the little Experience you have had of it already, has been juſt enough not to let you be afraid of a Man.

Am.

Am. Will you never leave your Mad humour?

Hill. Not till my youth leaves me: Why ſhould Women affect Ignorance among themſelves, when we converſe with Men indeed? Modeſty and Good Breeding Oblige us not to underſtand, what ſometimes we can't help thinking of.

Am. Nay I don't think the worſe of you for what you ſay: For 'tis obſerved that a Bragging Lover, and an over ſhy-Lady, are the fartheſt from what they would ſeem; the One is as ſeldom known to receive a Favour, as the other to Reſiſt an Opportunity.

Hill. Moſt Women have a wrong Senſe of Modeſty, as ſome Men of Courage; if you don't Fight with all you Meet, or Run from all you ſee, you are preſently thought a Coward, or an ill Woman.

Am. You ſay true, and tis as hard a matter now a days for a Woman to know how to converſe with Men, as for a man to know, when to draw his Sword: For many times both Sexes are apt to over-act their Parts: To me the Rules of Virtue have been ever ſacred; and I am loath to break 'em by an unadviſed Underſtanding: Therefore, dear *Hillaria*, help me, for I am at a loſs——Can I juſtifie, think you, my intended deſign upon my Husband?

Hill. As how, Prithee?

Am. Why, if I Court and Conquer him, as a Miſtreſs, am not I acceſſary to his violating the Bonds of Marriage? For though I am his Wife, yet while he Loves me not as ſuch, I encourage an Unlawful Paſſion; and though the Act be ſafe, yet his Intent is Criminal: How can I anſwer this?

Hill. Very Eaſily, for if he don't intridgue with you, he will with ſome Body elſe in the mean time, and I think you have as much Right to his Remains as any one.

Am. Ay! but I am aſſured the love he will pretend to me is vicious: And tis Uncertain, that I ſhall prevent his doing worſe elſewhere.

Hill.

Hill. 'Tis true, a Certain Ill ought not to be done for an Uncertain Good. But then again of two Evils choose the least; and sure 'tis less Criminal to let him love you as a Mistress, than to let him hate you as a Wife: If you Succeed I suppose you will easily forgive your Guilt in the Undertaking.

Am. To say truth, I find no Argument yet strong enough to conquer my Inclination to it. But is there no danger think you of his knowing me?

Hill. Not the least, in my opinion: In the first place he confidently believes you are Dead: Then he has not seen you these eight or ten Years: Besides, you were not above sixteen when he left you: This with the alteration the small-Pox have made in you, (tho' not for the worse,) I think are sufficient Disguises to secure you from his knowledge.

Am. Nay and to this I may add the considerable amendment of my Fortune; for when he left me I had only my bare Jointure for a Subsistence: Beside my strange manner of receiving him.

Hill. That's what I wou'd fain be acquainted with.

Am. I expect further instructions from Young *Worthy* every Moment; then you shall know all, my Dear.

Hill. Nay he will do you no small service: For a Thief is the best Thief-catcher.

Enter a Servant to Amanda,

Ser. Madam, your Servant is below, who says Young Mr. *Worthy*'s Man waits at your Lodgings with earnest business from his Master.

Am. 'Tis well—Come, my Dear I must have your assistance too.

Hill. With all my Heart, I love to be at the bottom of a Secret: For they say the Confident of any Amour, has sometimes more pleasure in the Observation, than the parties concern'd in the Enjoyment: But

methinks, you don't look with a good Heart upon the Buſineſs.

Am. I can't help a little concern in a Buſineſs of ſuch Moment: For though my Reaſon tells me my Deſign muſt proſper; yet my Fears ſay 'twere Happineſs too great.——Oh! to reclaim the Man I'm bound by Heaven to Love, to expoſe the Folly of a Roving Mind in pleaſing him with what he ſeem'd to loath, were ſuch a ſweet Revenge for ſlighted Love, ſo vaſt a Triumph of rewarded Conſtancy, as might perſwade the Looſer part of Womankind ev'n to forſake themſelves, and fall in Love with Virtue.

Re-Enter the Servant *to* Hillaria.

Serv. Sir *Novelty Faſhion* is below in his Coach, Madam, and enquires for your Ladiſhip, or Madam *Narciſſa.*

Hill. You know my Couſin is gone out with my Lady *Tattle-tongue*: I hope you did not tell him I was within!

Serv. No, Madam, I did not know if your Ladiſhip wou'd be ſpoke with, and therefore came to ſee.

Hill. Then tell him I went with her.

Serv. I ſhall, Madam. [*Exit* Servant.

Hill. You muſt know, my Dear, I have ſent to that Fury Mrs. *Flareit*, whom this Sir *Novelty* keeps, and have ſtung her to ſome purpoſe with an account of his Paſſion for my Couſin: I ow'd him a Quarrel for that he made between Mr. *Worthy* and me, and I hope her Jealouſy will ſeverely revenge it; Therefore I ſent my Couſin out of the way, becauſe unknown to her, her Name is at the bottom of my Deſign.——Here he comes, Prithee, my Dear, let's go down the Back-Stairs, and take Coach from the Garden.—— [*Ex.* Am. *and* Hill.

Re-

Re-Enter the Servant *Conducting Sir* Novelty.

Sir *Nov.* Both the Ladies abroad ſay you? I Sir *William* within?

Serv. Yes Sir, if you pleaſe to walk in, I'll acquaint him that you expect him here.

Sir *Nov.* Do ſo Prithee——and in the mean time let me conſider what I have to ſay to him—Hold! In the firſt place his Daughter is in Love with me! Wou'd I marry her? Noh! Demm it, 'tis Mechanical to marry the Woman you Love: Men of Quality ſhou'd always marry thoſe they never ſaw——But I hear Young *Worthy* marries her to Morrow! which if I prevent not, will ſpoil my deſign upon her? Let me ſee!——I have it——I'll perſwade the old Fellow, that I wou'd marry her my ſelf! upon which he immediately rejects Young *Worthy*, and gives me free acceſs to her! Good! What follows upon that? Opportunity, Importunity,——Reſiſtance, Force, Intreaty, Perſiſting!——Doubting, Swearing, Lying——Bluſhes, Yielding, Victory, Pleaſure!——Indifference, O! here he comes in *ordine ad.*---

Enter Sir William Wiſewoud.

Sir *Will.* Sir *Novelty*, your Servant, have you any commands for me, Sir?

Sir *Nov.* I have ſome Propoſals to make, Sir, concerning your Happineſs and my own, which perhaps will ſurprize you. In a word Sir, I am upon the very brink of Matrimony.

Sir Will. 'Tis the beſt thing you can purſue, Sir, conſidering you have a good Eſtate.

Sir Nov. But whom do you think I intend to marry?

Sir Will. I can't imagine, dear Sir, be brief, leaſt your delay tranſport me into a Crime I wou'd avoid, which is Impatience. Sir, pray go on.

Sir Nov. In fine, Sir, 'tis to your very Daughter, the Fair *Narcissa*.

Sir W. Humh! Pray, Sir, how long have you had this in your head?

Sir Nov. Above these two hours, Sir.

Sir Will. Very Good! then you han't slept upon't?

Sir Nov. No! nor shan't sleep, for thinking on't; did not I tell you I wou'd surprize you?

Sir Will. O! you have indeed, Sir, I am amaz'd! I am amaz'd!

Sir Nov. Well, Sir, and what think you of my Proposal?

Sir Will. Why truly, Sir, I like it not: But if I did, 'tis now too late; my Daughter is dispos'd of to a Gentleman, that she and I like very well; at present, Sir, I have a little Business, if this be all, your humble Servant, I am in haste.

Sir Nov. Dommee! what an insensible Blockhead's this? Hold, Sir, dee hear——is this all the Acknowledgment you make for the Honour I design'd you?

Sir Will. Why truly, Sir, 'tis an Honour, that I am not ambitious of: In plain terms, I do not like you for a Son-in-Law.

Sir Nov. Now you speak to the purpose, Sir: But prithee what are thy Exceptions to me?

Sir Will. Why in the first place, Sir, you have too great a Passion for your own Person to have any for your Wives: In the next place you take such an Extravagant Care in the Cloathing your Body, that your Understanding goes naked for't: Had I a Son so dress'd, I shou'd take the liberty to call him an Egregious Fop.

Sir Nov. I Gad thou art a Comical old Gentleman, and I'll tell thee a Secret: Understand then, Sir, from me, that all Young Fellows hate the name of Fop, as Women do the name of Whore: But I'Gad they both Love the pleasure of being so: Nay Faith, and 'tis as

as

as hard a matter for ſome Men to be Fops, as you call 'em, as 'tis for ſome Women to be Whores.

Sir Will. That's pleaſant, I Faith, can't any Man be a Fop, or any Woman be a Whore, that has a mind to't?

Sir Nov. No Faith, Sir; for let me tell you, 'tis not the Coldneſs of my Lady *Freelove's* Inclination: But her Age and Wrinkles that won't let her Cuckold her Husband: And again, 'tis not Sir *John Wou'dlook's* Averſion to Dreſs, but his want of a fertile Genius, that won't let him look like a Gentleman: Therefore in Vindication of all well dreſs'd Gentlemen, I intend to write a Play, where my Chiefeſt Character ſhall be a down-right *Engliſh Booby*, that affects to be a Beau, without either Genius, or Foreign Education, and to call it in Imitation of another famous Comedy, *He wou'd if he cou'd*, and now, I think, you are anſwer'd, Sir; have you any Exceptions to my Birth, or Family, pray Sir?

Sir Will. Yes, Sir, I have, you ſeem to me the Off-ſpring of more than one Man's Labour: For certainly no leſs, than a Dancing, Singing, and Fencing-Maſter, with a Taylor, Milliner, Perfumer, Peruque-Maker, and French Vallet de Chambre, cou'd be at the Begetting of you.

Sir Nov. All theſe have been at the Finiſhing of me ſince I was made.

Sir Will. That is, Heaven made you a Man, and they have made a Monſter of you: And ſo farewel to yee! [*is going.*]

Sir *Nov.* hark yee Sir, am I to expect no farther ſatisfaction in the Propoſals I made you?

Sir Will. Sir——Nothing makes a Man loſe himſelf like Paſſion: Now I preſume you are Young, and conſequently Raſh upon a Diſappointment, therefore to prevent any difference that may ariſe by repeating my refuſal of your Suit; I do not think it convenient to hold any farther Diſcourſe with you.

Sir Nov.

Sir Nov. Nay Faith thou ſhalt ſtay to hear a little more of my mind firſt.

Sir Will. Since you preſs me, Sir, I will rather bear than reſiſt you.

Sir Nov. I doubt, Old Gentleman, you have ſuch a Torrent of Philoſophy running throngh your *Pericranium*, that it has waſht your Brains away.

Sir Will. Pray, Sir, why do you think ſo?

Sir Nov. Becauſe you Chooſe a beggerly unaccountable ſort of Younger Brotheriſh Rake-hell for your Son-in-Law, before a Man of Quality, Eſtate, good Parts and Breeding, Demmy.

Sir Will. Truly, Sir, I know neither of the Perſons to whom theſe Characters belong, if you pleaſe to write their Names under 'em, perhaps I may tell you, if they be like or no.

Sir Nov. Why then, in ſhort, I wou'd have been your Son-in-Law; and you, it ſeems, prefer Young *Worthy* before me. Now are your Eyes open?

Sir Will. Had I been blind, Sir, you might have been my Son-in-Law, and if you were not blind you wou'd not think, that I deſign my Daughter for Young *Worthy*——his Brother, I think, may deſerve her.

Sir Nov. Then you are not Jealous of Young *Worthy!* humh!

Sir Will. No really, Sir, nor of you neither.

Sir Nov. Give me thy hand, thou art very happy: Stop my Vitals: For thou doſt not ſee thou art blind: Not Jealous of Young *Worthy*? Ha! ha! How now!

Enter

Enter Sir Novelty's *Servant with a* Porter.

Serv. Sir, here's a Porter with a Letter for your Honour.

Porter. I was ordered to give it into your own hands, Sir, and expect an Answer.

Sir Nov. (Reads) *Excuse my dear Sir* Novelty *the forc'd Indifference I have shewn you, and let me Recompence your past Sufferings with an hours Conversation, after the Play at* Rosamond's Pond, *where you will find an hearty Welcome to the Arms of your* Narcissa! Unexpected happiness! The arms of your *Narcissa!* I gad and when I am there, I'll make my self Welcome!

Faith I did not think she was so far gone neither! But I don't question there are five Hundred more in her Condition.——I have a good mind not to go Faith! Yet hang it, I will though only, to be revenged of this Old Fellow! Nay, I'll have the Pleasure of making it publick too: For I will give her the Musick, and draw all the Town to be Witness of my Triumph! Where is the Lady———*To the Porter.*

Porter. In a Hackney-Coach at the Corner of the Street.

Sir Nov. Enough, tell her I will certainly be there—— [*Ex.* Porter.

Well, Old Gentleman then you are resolv'd I shall be on Kin to you? Your Daughter is disposed of: Humh!

Sir Will. You have your Answer, Sir, you shall be no Kin to me.

Sir *Nov.* Farewell Old Philosophy: And d'ee hear, I wou'd advise you to study nothing but the Art of Patience: You may have an unexpected Occasion for it. Hark you! wou'd not it nettle you damnably to hear my Son call you Grandfather?

Sir *Will.* Sir--Notwithstanding this provocation, I am calm; but were I like other Men, a Slave to Passion, shou'd not for-bear calling you Impertinent! How

I ſwell with riſing vexation——Leave me, leave me; go Sir, go, get you out of my Houſe. [*Angrily.*]

Sir *Nov.* Oh! have a care of Paſſion, Dear *Diogenes*, ha! ha! ha! he!

Sir *Will.* So? (*Sighing*) at laſt I have Conquer'd it; Pray Sir Oblige me with your abſence (*taking off his Hat*) I proteſt I am tired with you, Pray leave my Houſe. (*Submiſſively.*)

Sir *Nov.* Damm your Houſe, your Family, your Anceſtors, your Generation, and your Eternal Poſterity. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Will.* Ah!——A Fair Riddance; how I bleſs my ſelf, that it was not in this Fools power to provoke me beyond that Serenity of Temper, which a wiſe man ought to be Maſter of: How near are men to Brutes, when their unruly Paſſions break the Bounds of Reaſon? And of all Paſſions, Anger is the moſt violent, which often puts me in mind of that admirable Saying,

He that ſtrives not to Stem his Angers Tide,
Does a Mad Horſe without a Bridle ride.

The SCENE *Changes to St.* James's *Park. Enter Y.* Worthy *and* Loveleſs *as from the Tavern*——Snap *following.*

Y. *Wor.* What a Sweet Evening tis-----Prithe *Ned*, lets walk a little---Look how lovingly the Trees are joyned, ſince thou wert here, as if Nature had deſign'd this Walk for the private Shelter of forbddien Love.

Several croſſing the Stage.

Look here are ſome for making uſe of the Convenience.

Love

Lov. But, harke ye Friend, are the Women as tame and civil as they were before I left the Town? Can they Endure the Smell of Tobacco, or Vouchsafe a Man a Word with a Dirty Cravat on?

Y.W. Ay, that they will; for Keeping is almost out of Fashion; so that now an Honest Fellow with a Promising Back need not fear a Nights lodging for Bare Goodfellowship.

Lov. If Whoring be so poorly encourag'd, methinks the Women shou'd turn honest in their own Defence.

Y.W. Faith I don't find there's a Whore the less for it; the Pleasure of Fornication is still the same; all the Difference is, Lewdness is not so Barefac'd, as heretofore, ——Virtue is as much debased as our Money; for Maidenheads are as scarce as our Mill'd Half-crowns; and Faith, *Dei gratia* is as hard to be found in a Girl of Sixteen, as round the Brims of an Old Shilling.

Lov. Well, I find, in spight of Law and Duty, the *Flesh* will get the Better of the *Spirit*. But I see no Game yet.—— Prithee *Will*, let's go and take t'other Bumper to Enliven Assurance that we may come downright to the Business.

Y.W. No, no; what we have in our Bellies already, by the help of a little Fresh Air, will soon be in our *Pericraniums*, and work us to a right pitch, to taste the Pleasures of the Night.

Lov. The Day thou mean'st; my Day always breaks at Sun-set. We wise Fellows, that know the Use of Life, know too that the Moon lights Men to more Pleasures than the Sun, —— the Sun was meant for dull Soul of Business, and poor Rogues that have a mind to save Candles.

Y.W. Nay, the Night was always a Friend to Pleasure, and that made *Diana* run a Whoring by the light of her own Horns.

Lov. Right: And, prithee what made *Daphne* run away from *Apollo*, but that he wore so much Day-light about his Ears?

Y. *W.* Ha! Look out *Ned*, there's the Enemy before you!

Lov. Why then, as *Cæsar* said, come follow me.

[*Exit* Loveless.

Y. *W.* I hope 'tis his Wife, whom I desir'd to meet me here, that she might take a View of her Soldier before she new-mounted him. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Flareit *and her Maid.*

Ma. I wonder, Madam, Sir *Novelty* don't come yet: I am so afraid he shou'd see *Narcissa*, and find out the trick of your Letter.

Fla. No! No! *Narcissa* is out of the way: I am sure he won't be long; for, I heard the *Hautbois*, as they pass'd by me, mention his Name; I suppose to make the Intrigue more Fashionable, he intends to give me the Musick.

Ma. Suppose he do take you for *Narcissa*, What Advantage do you propose by it?

Fla. I shall then have a just occasion to Quarrel with him for his Perfidiousness, and so force his Pocket to make his Peace with me: Beside, my Jealousie will not let me rest till I am reveng'd on him.

Ma. Jealousie! why, I have often heard you say, you lov'd him.

Fla. 'Tis my Pride, not Love, that makes me Jealous. For, though I don't love him, yet I am incens'd to think he Dares love another.

Ma. See! Madam, Here he is, and the Musick with him.

Fla. Put on your *Mask*, and leave me.

[*They Mask.*

Enter

Enter Sir Novelty *with the Musick.*

Sir Nov. Here, Gentlemen, place your Selves on this Spot, and pray oblige me with a Trumpet *Sonata*, [*The Musick prepare to Play*]. ——This taking a Man at his first word, is a very new way of preserving Reputation, stop my Vitals, —— nay, and secure one too; for now may we Enjoy and grow Weary of one another, before the Town can take any notice of us. [*Flareit making towards him*] Ha! this must be She. —— I suppose, Madam, you are no Stranger to the Contents of this Letter.

Fla. Dear Sir, this place is too publick for my Acknowledgment, if you please to withdraw to a more Private Conveniency. [*Exeunt.*

The Musick prepare to Play, and all sorts of People gather about it. Enter at one Door Nar. Hill. Am. *Ed.* Worthy, *and* T. Worthy; *at another* Loveless *and* Snap, *who talk to the Masks.*

E.W. What say you Ladies, shall we walk Homewards? It begins to be dark.

Y.W. Prithee don't be so Impatient, it's light enough to hear the Musick, I'll warrant ye.

Am. Mr. *Worthy*, you promis'd me a Sight I long for: Is Mr *Loveless* Among all those?

Y.W. That's He, Madam, a surveying that Masked Lady.

Am. Ha! Is't possible! Methinks I read his Vices in his Person! Can he be Insensible, ev'n to the smart of Pinching Poverty? Pray, Sir, your Hand —— I find my self Disorder'd. It troubles me to think I dare not speak to him after so long an Absence.

Y.*W*. Madam, your ſtaying here may be Dangerous, therefore let me Adviſe you to go home, and get all things in order to Receive him: About an hour hence will be a convenient time to ſet my Deſign a-going; till when let me beg you to have a little Patience: Give me Leave, Madam, to ſee you to your Coach.

Am. I'll not trouble you, Sir, yonder's my Couſin *Welbred*, I'll beg his Protection. [*Exit*.

The Muſick Plays, after which Nar. *ſpeaks*.

Nar. I vow it's very fine, conſidering what dull Souls our Nation are: I find 'tis an harder matter to reform their Manners than their Government, or Religion.

E.*W*. Since the One has been ſo happily Accompliſh'd, I know no reaſon why we ſhould deſpair of the Other: I hope in a little time to ſee our Youth return from Travel Big with Praiſes of their own Country. But come, Ladies, the Muſick's done, I ſuppoſe, ſhall we walk?

Nar. Time enough, why you have no Taſte of the true Pleaſure of the Park: I'll warrant you hate as much to ridicule others, as to hear your ſelf prais'd: for my part, I think a little harmleſs Railing's half the Pleaſure of ones Life.

E.*W*. I don't love to create my ſelf Enemies by obſerving the Weakneſs of other People; I have more Faults of my own than I know how to mend.

Nar. Protect me! How can you ſee ſuch a Medley of Human Stuffs as here is, without venting your Spleen? ——Why look there now, is not it Comical to ſee that wretched Creature there with her Autumnal Face, dreſt in all the Colours of the Spring?

E.*W*. Pray, who is ſhe Madam?

Nar. A thing that won't believe her ſelf out of date, though ſhe was a Known Woman at the Reſtauration.

Y.*W*. Y.*W*.

Y. W. O! I know her, 'tis Mrs. *Holdout*, one that is proud of being an Original of Fashionable Fornication, and values her self mightily for being one of the first Mistresses that ever kept her Coach publickly in *England*.

Hill. Pray who's that Impudent young Fellow there?

E. W. Oh, that's an Eternal Fan-tearer, and a constant Persecuter of Woman-kind: He had a great Misfortune lately.

Nar. Pray what was it?

E. W. Why, impudently presuming to Cuckold a Dutch Officer, he had his fore-teeth kick'd out.

Omnes, Ha, ha, ha!

Nar. There's another too, Mr. *Worthy*, do you know him?

Y. W. That's Beau *Noisy*, one that brags of Favours from my Lady, tho' refused by her Woman; that Sups with my Lord, and borrows his Club of his Footman; that beats the Watch, and is kick'd by his Companions; that is one day at Court, and the next in Jayl; that goes to Church without Religion, is valiant without Courage, witty without Sense, and Drunk without Measure.

E. W. A very Compleat Gentleman.

Hill. Prithee Cousin, who's that over-shy Lady there, that won't seem to understand what that Brisk young fellow says to her?

Nar. Why, that's my Lady *Stylove*: That other Ceremonious Gentleman is her Lover: She is so overmodest, that she makes a scruple of Shifting her self before her Woman, but afterwards makes none of doing it before her Gallant.

Y. W. Hang her, she's a Jest to the whole Town: For, tho' she has been the Mother of two Byblows, endeavours to appear as Ignorant in all Company as if she did not know the Distinction of Sexes.

Nar.

Nar. Look, Look! Mr. *Worthy*, I vow there's the Countess of *Incog* out of her Disabillee, in a high Head, I protest!

Y.W. 'Tis as great a wonder to see her out of an Hackney Coach, as out of Debt or ——

Nar. Or out of Countenance.

Y.W. That, indeed, she seldom changes; for she is never out of a Mask, and is so well known in't, that when she has a mind to be Private, she goes Bare-fac'd.

Nar. But come, Cousin, now let's see what Monsters the next Walk affords.

E.Wor. With all my Heart, 'tis in our way home.

Y.W. Ladies, I must beg your Pardon for a moment, yonder comes one I have a little business with; I'll dispatch it immediately, and follow you.

Hill. No, no; we'll stay for you.

Nar. You may, if you please, Cousin; but, I suppose, he will hardly thank you for't.

Hill. What, then you conclude 'tis a Womans business, by his promising a quick dispatch!

Y.W. Madam, in three minutes you shall know the Business, if it displease you, condemn me to an Eternal absence.

E.W. Come, Madam, let me be his Security.

Nar. I dare take your Word, Sir ——

[Exeunt E. Wo. Hill. and Nar.

Enter Sly, *Servant to Young* Worthy.

Y.W. Well! how go matters, is she in a Readiness to receive him?

Sly. To an Hair, Sir, every Servant has his Cue, and all are Impatient till the Comedy begins.

Y.W. Stand aside a little, and let us watch our Opportunity.

Sly,

Snap. [*To Mask.*] Enquire about half an hour hence for Number *Two*, at the Gridiron.

Mask. To morrow with all my Heart, but to Night I am engaged to the Chaplain of Collonel *Thunder*'s Regiment.

Snap. What, will you leave me for a Mutton-chop, for that's all he'l give you, I'm sure.

Mask. You are mistaken, faith he keeps me.

Snap. Not to himself, I'll engage him: Yet he may too, if no body likes you no better than I do. Hark you Child, prithee when was your Smock wash'd?

Mask. Why dost thou pretend to fresh Linnen, that never wore a clean Shirt but of thy Mothers own Washing? [*Goes from him.*

Lov. What, no Adventure, no Game, *Snap*?

Snap. None, None, Sir, I can't prevail with any from the point Headclothes to the Horse-Guard-Whore.

Lov. What a-Pox! sure the Whores can't smell an Empty Pocket.

Snap. No, no, that's Certain, Sir, they must see it in our Faces.

Sly. [*To Lovelefs.*] My Dear Boy, how is't? I-gad, I am glad thou art come to Town: My Lady expected you above an hour ago, and I am overjoy'd I ha' found thee: Come, come, come along, she's Impatient till she sees you.

Snap. Odsbud, Sir, follow him, he takes you for another.

Lov. I-gad, it looks with the face of an Intrigue ——, I'll humour him ——: Well, what, shall we go now?

Sly. Ay, ay, now it's pure and dark, you may go undiscover'd.

Lov. That's what I would do.

Sly. Odsheart, she longs to see thee, and she is a curious fine Creature, ye Rogue! such Eyes! such Lips! — and such a Tongue between 'em! ah, the Tip of it will set a Mans Soul on fire!

Lov.

Lov. [*Aside*] The Rogues make me Impatient [*aside*]

Sly. Come, come, the Key, the Key, the Key, you dear Rogue!

Snap. O Lord, the Key, the Key! [*Aside.*]

Lov. The Key: why ſh — ſh — ſh — ſhu'd yo — yo — you have it?

Sly. Ay, ay! Quickly, give's it!

Lov. Why ——— what the Devil ———, ſure I han't loſt it ——; oh! no Gad, it is not there ——; What the Devil ſhall we do?

Sly. Oon's, ne'r ſtand fumbling; if you have loſt it we muſt ſhoot the Lock I think.

Lov. I-gad, and ſo we muſt, for I han't it.

Sly. Come, come along, follow me.

Lov. Snap, Stand by me, you Dog.

Snap. Ay, ay, Sir. [*Exeunt* Sly, Loveleſs, *and* Snap.

Y. W. Ha, ha! the Rogue managed him moſt dexterouſly; how greedily he Chopt at the Bait? What the Event will be, Heaven knows; but thus far 'tis Pleaſant; And ſince he is ſafe, I'll venture to divert my Company with the Story. Poor *Amanda*, thou well deſerveſt a better Husband: Thou wert never wanting in thy Endeavours to reclaim him: And, faith, conſidering how a long Diſpair has worn thee,

'Twere pity now thy Hopes ſhould not ſucceed;
This new Attempt is Loves laſt Shift *indeed.*

ACT

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter two Bullies, and Sir William Wisewou'd *observing them.*

1*st. Bully.* DAmme! *Jack*, let's after him, and fight him; 'tis not to be put up.

2*d. Bull.* No! Dam him! no body saw the affront, and what need we take notice of it?

1*st. Bul.* Why that's true! — But Damme! I have much ado to forbear cutting his Throat.

Sir Will. Pray Gentlemen, what's the matter? Why are you in such a Passion?

1*st. B.* What's that to you, Sir? What wou'd you have?

Sir Will. I hope, Sir, a Man may ask a Civil Question.

1*st. B.* Damme! Sir, we are Men of Honour, we dare answer any Man.

Sir Will. But why are you angry, Gentlemen? Have you received any wrong?

2*d. B.* We have been called Rascals, Sir, have had the Lye given us, and had like to have been kickt!

Sir Will. But I hope, you were not kickt, Gentlemen.

2*d. B.* How, Sir! we kickt!

Sir Will. Nor do I presume, that you are Rascals!

1*st. B.* Bloud! and Thunder! Sir, let any Man say it that wears an head! we Rascals!

Sir Will. Very good! since then you are not Rascals, he rather was one, who maliciously call'd you so: — Pray take my Advice, Gentlemen; never disturb your selves, for any ill your Enemy says of you; for from an Enemy the World will not believe it: Now you must know, Gentlemen, that a Flea-bite is to me more offensive, than the severest Affront any Man can offer me!

1*st. B.* What, and so you wou'd have us put it up!

Damme! Sir, don't preach Cowardice to us, we are Men of Valour: you won't find us Cowards, Sir.

2*d. B.* No, Sir! we are no Cowards, tho' you are.

1*ſt. B.* Hang him, let him alone, I ſee a Coward in his face.

Sir Will. If my face make any Reflection, Sir, 'tis againſt my will.

2*d B.* Prithee *Tom*, let's Affront him, and raiſe his Spleen a little.

Sir Will. Raiſe my Spleen! that's more than any Man cou'd ever boaſt of.

1*ſt. B.* You Lye.

Sir Will. I am not angry yet, therefore I do not Lye, Sir: Now one of us muſt lye, I do not lye, *Ergo* ——

1*ſt. B.* Damme! Sir, have a care! Don't give me the Lye, I ſhan't take it, Sir.

Sir Will. I need not, Sir! you give it your ſelf.

1*ſt. B.* Well, Sir, what then? if I make bold with my ſelf, every old Puppy ſhall not pretend to do it.

Sir Will. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

1*ſt. B.* Damme, Sir, what do you laugh at!

Sir Will. To let you ſee, that I am no Puppy, Sir, for Puppies are Brutes, now Brutes have not Riſibility: But I laugh, therefore I am no Puppy, ha! ha!

1*ſt. B.* Bloud and Thunder, Sir! dare you fight?

Sir Will. Not in cool blood, Sir, and I confeſs 'tis impoſſible to make me angry.

2*d. B.* I'le try that! Heark ye, don't you know you are a ſniveling old Cuckold?

Sir Will. No, really, Sir.

2*d. B.* Why then I know you to be one.

Sir Will. Look you, Sir, my Reaſon weighs this Injury, which is ſo light, it will not raiſe my Anger in the other Scale.

1*ſt. B.* Oon's! what a tame old Prig's this? I'll give you better weight then. I know who got all your Children.

Sir Will. Not ſo well as my Wife I preſume —— Now ſhe tells me, 'twas my ſelf, and I believe her too.

1*ſt. B.*

1st. B. She tells you so, because the poor Rogue that got 'em is not able to keep 'em.

Sir Will. Then my keeping them is Charity.

1st. B. Bloud and Thunder, Sir, this is an Affront to us, not to be Angry after all these Provocations — Damme! *Jack*, let's souse him in the Canal. (*as they lay hold on him*)

Enter El. Worthy, *Young* Worthy, Nar, *and* Hill.

Y. Wor. S'Death, what's here? Sir *William* in the Rogues hands that affronted the Ladies — Oh, forbear, forbear — (*Strikes them.*)

E. Wor. So, Gentlemen, I thought you had fair warning before, now you shall pay for't. (*Enter three or four Sentinels.*) Hearke you, honest Soldiers, pray do me the favour to wash these Rascals in the Canal, and there's a Guinea for your trouble.

Bullies. Damme, Sir! we shall expect satisfaction.

[*Exeunt dragging the Bullies.*

Sir Will. Oh dear Gentlemen, I am obliged to you, for I was just going to the Canal my self, if you had not come as you did.

E. Wor. Pray, Sir, what had you done to 'em?

Sir Will. Why, hearing the Musick from my Parlour Window, and being invited by the sweetness of the Evening, I ev'n took a Walk to see if I could meet with you, when the first Objects that presented themselves were these Bullies, threatning to cut some bodies Throat: Now, I endeavouring to allay their Fury, occasioned their giving me scurrilous Language: and finding they cou'd not make me as angry as themselves, they offered to fling me into the Water.

E. Wor. I am glad we stept to your deliverance.

Sir Will. Oh, I thank you, Gentlemen. — I'll e'en go home, and recover my fright. Good Night, Good Night to you all. [*Exit.*

E. W. Harry, see Sir *William* safe to his Lodging.

[*To his Servant.*

Well, Ladies, I believe it's time for us to be walking too.

Hill. No, pray let me engage you to stay a little longer: Yonder comes Sir *Novelty* and his Mistress, in pursuance of the Design I told you of; pray have a little patience, and you will see the effect on't.

E. W. With all my heart, Madam. [*They stand aside.*

Enter Sir Novelty *embracing* Flareit (*Mask'd.*)

Sir Nov. Generous Creature! this is an unexampled condescension to meet my Passion with such early kindness: Thus let me pay my soft Acknowledgments.

[*Kisses her Hand.*

Hill. You must know he has mistaken her for another.

Fla. For Heaven's sake let me go, if *Hillaria* shou'd be at home before me, I am ruined for ever.

Nar. Hillaria! what does she mean?

Sir Nov. Narcissa's Reputation shall be ever safe, while my Life and Fortune can protect it.

Nar. O Gad let me go, does the impudent Creature take my Name upon her—I'll pull off her Head-cloaths.

Hill. Oh! fye! Cousin, what an ungenteel Revenge wou'd that be! have a little patience.

Nar. Oh! I am in a flame. [*Throwing back her Hoods.*

Fla. But will you never see that common Creature *Flareit* more?

Sir Nov. Never! never! Feed on such homely Fare after so rich a Banquet?

Fla. Nay, but you must hate her too.

Sir Nov. That I did long ago for her stinking breath! 'Tis true, I have been led away; but I detest a Strumpet: I am informed she keeps a Fellow under my Nose, and for that reason, I wou'd not make the Settlement I lately gave her some hopes of: But e'en let her please her self, for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! but will you love me ever?

Sir Nov. Will you be ever kind?

Fla.

Fla. Be sure you never see *Flarett* more.

Sir Nov. When I do, may this soft Hand Revenge my Perjury.

Fla. So it shall, Villain! [*Strikes him a box on the ear, and unmasks.*

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Nov. *Flarett*, the Devil!

Fla. What, will nothing but a Maidenhead go down with you! Thou miserable conceited Wretch — Foh! my breath stinks does it. I'm a homely Puss! a Strumpet, not worth your notice! Devil, I'll be reveng'd.

Sir Nov. Damn your Revenge, I'm sure I feel it. [*Holding his Cheek.*

Nar. Really, Sir *Novelty*, I am obliged to you, for your kind thoughts of me, and your extraordinary care of my Reputation.

Sir Nov. S'Death, me here! expos'd to half the Town! — well, I must brasen it out however. [*Walks unconcerned.*

Fla. What! no Pretence! no Evasion now!

Sir Nov. There's no occasion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come come, I swear you knew me all this while.

Sir Nov. No, faith, Madam, I did not know you; For if I had, you wou'd not have found me so furious a Lover.

Fla. Furies and Hell! dares the Monster own his guilt? this is beyond all sufferance! thou Wretch, thou Thing, thou Animal, that I (to the everlasting forfeiture of my Sense and Understanding) have made a Man. For till thou knewest me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of Humane kind. And dost thou think I'll suffer such a worm as Thee to turn against me! No! when I do, may I be curs'd to thy Embraces all my Life, and never know a Joy beyond thee.

Sir Nov. Why — wh — wh — what will your Ladyship's Fury do, Madam? [*Smiling.*

Fla. Only change my Lodging, Sir.

Sir Nov. I shall keep mine, Madam, that you may know where to find me when your fury is over — You see I am good natur'd. [*Walks by her.*

Fla.

Well, Ladies, I believe it's time for us to be walking too.

Hill. No, pray let me engage you to ſtay a little longer: Yonder comes Sir *Novelty* and his Miſtreſs in purſuance of the Deſign I told you of; pray have a little patience, and you will ſee the effect on't.

E. W. With all my heart, Madam. [*They ſtand aſide.*

Enter Sir Novelty *embracing* Flareit (*Maſk'd.*)

Sir Nov. Generous Creature! this is an unexampled condeſcenſion to meet my Paſſion with ſuch early kindneſs: Thus let me pay my ſoft Acknowledgments.

[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Hill. You muſt know he has miſtaken her for another.

Fla. For Heaven's ſake let me go, if *Hillaria* ſhou'd be at home before me, I am ruined for ever.

Nar. Hillaria! what does ſhe mean?

Sir Nov. Narciſſa's Reputation ſhall be ever ſafe, while my Life and Fortune can protect it.

Nar. O Gad let me go, does the impudent Creature take my Name upon her—I'll pull off her Head-cloaths.

Hill. Oh! fye! Couſin, what an ungenteel Revenge wou'd that be! have a little patience.

Nar. Oh! I am in a flame. [*Throwing back her Hoods.*

Fla. But will you never ſee that common Creature *Flareit* more?

Sir Nov. Never! never! Feed on ſuch homely Fare after ſo rich a Banquet?

Fla. Nay, but you muſt hate her too.

Sir Nov. That I did long ago for her ſtinking breath! 'Tis true, I have been led away; but I deteſt a Strumpet: I am informed ſhe keeps a Fellow under my Noſe, and for that reaſon, I wou'd not make the Settlement I lately gave her ſome hopes of: But e'en let her pleaſe her ſelf, for now I am wholly yours.

Fla. Oh, now you charm me! but will you love me ever?

Sir Nov. Will you be ever kind?

Fla.

Fla. Be sure you never see *Flarett* more.

Sir Nov. When I do, may this soft Hand Revenge my Perjury.

Fla. So it shall, Villain! [*Strikes him a box on the ear, and exits.*

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Nov. *Flarett*, the Devil!

Fla. What, will nothing but a Maidenhead go down with you! Thou miserable conceited Wretch — Foh! my breath stinks does it. I'm a homely Puss? a Strumpet, not worth your notice! Devil, I'll be reveng'd.

Sir Nov. Damn your Revenge, I'm sure I feel it. [*Holding his Cheek.*

Nat. Really, Sir *Novelty*, I am obliged to you, for your kind thoughts of me, and your extraordinary care of my Reputation.

Sir Nov. S'Death, he here! expos'd to half the Town! — well, I must brasen it out however. [*Walks unconcerned.*

Fla. What! no Pretence! no Evasion now?

Sir Nov. There's no occasion for any, Madam.

Fla. Come come, I swear you knew me all this while.

Sir Nov. No, faith, Madam, I did not know you; For if I had, you wou'd not have found me so furious a Lover.

Fla. Furies and Hell! dares the Monster own his guilt? this is beyond all sufferance! thou Wretch, thou Thing, thou Animal, that I (to the everlasting forfeiture of my Sense and Understanding) have made a Man. For till thou kneweſt me, 'twas doubted if thou wert of Humane kind. And doſt thou think I'll suffer such a worm as Thee to turn against me! No! when I do, may I be curs'd to thy Embraces all my Life, and never know a Joy beyond thee.

Sir Nov. Why — wh — wh — what will your Ladyship's Fury do, Madam? [*Smiling.*

Fla. Only change my Lodging, Sir.

Sir Nov. I shall keep mine, Madam, that you may know where to find me when your fury is over — You see I am good natur'd. [*Walks by her.*

Fla.

Fla. This Bravery's affected: I know he loves me, and I'll pierce him to the quick: I have yet a ſurer way to fool him. [*Aſide.*

Hill. Methinks the Knight bears it bravely.

Nar. I proteſt the Lady weeps.

T. Wor. She knows what ſhe does, I'll warrant you.

E. *Wor.* Ay, Ay, the Fox is a better Politician than the Lion.

Fla. (*With tears in her eyes*) Now woman. (*Aſide.*) Sir *Novelty*, pray Sir, let me ſpeak with you.

Sir Nov. Ay, Madam.

Fla. Before we part (for I find I have irrecoverably loſt your Love) let me beg of you, that from this hour, you ne'er will ſee me more, or make any new attempts to deceive my eaſie Temper: For I find my Nature's ſuch, I ſhall believe you, though to my utter Ruine.

Sir Nov. Pray Heaven ſhe be in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Fla. One thing more, Sir; ſince our firſt Acquaintance, you have received ſeveral Letters from me; I hope you will be ſo much a Gentleman as to let me have 'em again: Thoſe I have of yours ſhall be returned to Morrow Morning. And now, Sir, wiſhing you as much Happineſs in her you Love, as you once pretended I cou'd give you— I take of you my everlaſting leave— Farewel, and may your next Miſtreſs love you till I hate you. [— *is going.*

Sir Nov. So! now muſt I ſeem to perſwade her. Nay, prithee my Dear! why do you ſtruggle ſo? whither wou'd you go?

Fla. Pray, Sir, give me leave to paſs, I can't bear to ſtay. [*Crying.*

Sir Nov. What is't that frightens you?

Fla. Your Barbarous Uſage: Pray let me go.

Sir Nov. Nay, if you are reſolved, Madam, I won't preſs you againſt your will: Your humble ſervant. (*Leaves her*) and a happy riddance, ſtop my Vitals.

[Flareit *looks back.*

Fla. Ha! not move to call me back! ſo unconcerned! Oh! I cou'd tear my fleſh, ſtab every feature in this dull, decaying

decaying Face, that wants a Charm to hold him! Dam him! I loath him too! But ſhall my Pride now fall from ſuch an height, and bear the Torture unreveng'd? No! my very Soul's on fire, and nothing but the Villain's blood ſhall quench it. Devil, have at thee.

[*Snatches Young* Worthy's *Sword, and runs at him.*

Y. Wor. Have a care, Sir.

Sir Nov. Let her alone, Gentlemen, I'll warrant you.

[*Draws, and ſtands upon his Guard.*

[*Young* Worthy *takes the Sword from her, and holds her.*

Fla. Prevented! Oh! I ſhall choak with boyling Gall. Oh! Oh! uumh! let me go; I'll have his blood, his blood, his blood! [*Raving.*

Sir Nov. Let her come, let her come, Gentlemen!

Fla. Death and Vengeance, am I become his ſport! he's pleaſed, and ſmiles to ſee me Rage the more! But he ſhall find no Fiend in Hell can match the fury of a diſappointed Woman! — Scorned! ſlighted! diſmiſſed without a parting Pang! Oh torturing thought! May all the Racks Mankind e'er gave our eaſie Sex, Neglected Love, Decaying Beauty, and hot Raging Luſt light on me, if e're I ceaſe to be the Eternal Plague of his remaining Life, nay, after Death:

——*When his, his black Soul lies howling in deſpair,*
I'd plunge to Hell, and be his Torment there.

[*Exit in a fury.*

Eld. Wor. Sure Sir *Novelty*, you never loved this Lady, if you are ſo indifferent at parting.

Sir *No.* Why Faith *Tom*, to tell you the Truth, her Jealouſie has been ſo very troubleſome and expenſive to me of late, that I have theſe Three Months ſought an opportunity to leave her; but Faith I had always more reſpect to my Life, than to let her know it before.

Hill. Methinks, Sir *Novelty*, you had very little reſpect to her Life, when you drew upon her.

Sir *No.* Why what wou'd you have had me done, Madam? Complemented her with my naked Boſom! No! No! look ye, Madam, if ſhe had made any Advances,

I cou'd have disarm'd her in Second at the very first Pass. —But come, Ladies, as we walk, I'll beg your Judgments in a particular nice Fancy, that I intend to appear in, the very first Week the Court is quite out of Mourning.

Eld. Wor. With all my heart, Sir *Novelty.*—Come Ladies, considering how little rest you'll have to morrow night, I think 'twere Charity not to keep you up any longer.

Y. Wor. Nay as for that matter, the night before a Wedding is as unfit to sleep in, as the Night following: Imagination's a very troublesome Bedfellow:—Your Pardon, Ladies, I only speak for my self.

Eld. Wor. See the Coaches ready at St. *James's* Gate [*to his Servant.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Two Servants. *The* SCENE Amanda's *House.*

1st. Ser. Come, come, make haste; is the Supper, and the Musick ready?

2d. Ser. It is, It is: Well! is he come?

1st. Ser. Ay, Ay, I came before to tell my Lady the News; That Rogue *Sly* manag'd him rarely, he has been this half hour pretending to pick the Lock of the Garden-door: Well poor Lady! I wish her good Luck with him: For she's certainly the best Mistress living. Heark ye, is the Wine strong, as she order'd it? Be sure you ply him home: for he must have two or three Bumpers to qualifie him for her Design. See here he comes: Away to your Post. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveless, *conducted by* Sly, Snap *stealing after them.*

Lov. Where the Devil will this Fellow lead me?—Nothing but Silence, and Darkness!—sure the House is haunted, and he has brought me to face the Spirit at his wonted hour!

Sly. There, there, in, in, — Slip on your Night-Gown, and refresh your self; in the mean time I'll acquaint my Lady, that you are here. [*Exit.*

Lov. *Snap.*

Snap. Ay, Ay, Sir, I'll warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to an Anti-Chamber, a Table, Light, a Night-Gown, and a Perriwig lying by. They Re-enter.

Lov. Ha! what sweet Lodgings are here? where can this end?

Snap. Igad, Sir, I long to know. — Pray Heaven we are not deluded hither to be starv'd. — Methinks I wish I had brought the Remnants of my Dinner with me.

Lov. Heark! I hear somebody coming! Hide your self, Rascal; I would not have you seen.

Snap. Well Sir, I'll fine this Trench in case of your being in danger. [*Gets under the Table.*

Lov. Ha! This Night-Gown and Peruke don't lye here for nothing. — I'll make my self agreeable. — I have baulk't many a Woman in my time, for want of a Clean Shirt. — [*Puts 'em on.*

Enter Servants with a Supper, after them, a Man & Woman.

Lov. Ha! a Supper! Heaven send it be no Vision! If the Meat be real, I shall believe the Lady may prove Flesh and Blood. — Now am I damnably puzled to know whether this be she, or not? Madam. — [*Bows.*

Wom. Sir, my Lady begs your pardon for a moment.

Lov. Humh! her Lady! Good —

Wom She's unfortunately detained by some Female Visitors, which she will dispatch with all the haste imaginable; in the mean time, be pleased to refresh your self with what the House affords. — Pray Sir sit down.

Lov. Not alone; Madam, you must bear me Company.

Wom. To oblige you, Sir, I'll exceed my Commission.

Snap. (*Under the Table.*) Was there ever so unfortunate a Dog! What the Devil put it in my head to hide my self before Supper; why this is worse than being lock'd into a Closet, while another Man's a Bed with my Wife! I suppose my Master will take as much care of me too, as I shou'd of him, if I were in his Place.

Wom. Sir, my humble Service to you. [*Drinks.*

Lov. Madam, your humble Servant: I'll pledge you. *Snap*, when there's any danger I'll call you; in the mean time lye still, d' hear. [*aside to* Snap.

Snap. Igad I'll shift for my self then: (*Snatches a Flask unseen*) so, now I am arm'd, defiance to all Danger.

Lov. Madam, your Lady's Health.

Snap. Ay, Ay, let it go round, I say. [*Drinks.*

Wom. Well really Sir my Lady's very happy, that she has got loose from her Relations: for they were always teizing her about you: But she defies 'em all now.——Come Sir, Success to both your Wishes. [*Drinks.*

Lov. Give me a Glass; methinks this Health inspires me.——My Heart grows lighter for the Weight of Wine;——Here, Madam,——Prosperity to the Man, that ventures most to please her.

Wom. What think you of a Song to support this Gaiety?

Lov. With all my Heart.

A Song here.

Lov. You have oblig'd me, Madam; Igad I like this Girl! she takes off her Glass so feelingly, I am half perswaded she's of a thirsty Love: If her Lady don't make a little hast, I find I shall present my humble Service to her.

Enter a Servant, who whispers Amanda's *Woman.*

Wom. Sir I ask your Pardon, my Lady has some Commands for me, I will return immediately.

Lov. Your Servant.——Methinks this is a very new Method of Intriguing!

Snap. Pray Heaven it be Now! for the Old way commonly

mouly ended in a good bearing; But a Pox of Danger I say, and so here's good Luck to you, Sir.

Lov. Take heed, Rogue, you don't get drunk, and discover your self.

Snap. It must be with a fresh Flask then; for this is expired *Supernaculum.*

Lov. Lie close, you Dog; I hear somebody coming: I am impatient till I see this Creature. This Wine has armed me against all thoughts of danger! Pray Heaven she be young, for then she can't want Beauty. Ha! here she comes! Now! never-failing Impudence assist me.

Enter Amanda *loosly dress'd.*

Am. Where's my Love? O, let me fly into his Arms, and live for ever there.

Lov. My Life, my Soul! (*runs and embraces her.*) by Heaven a tempting Creature! Melting, soft, and warm,—as my desire— Oh, that I cou'd hide my face for ever thus, that undiscovered I might reap the Harvest of a Ripe desire, without the lingring pains of growing Love.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Am. Look up, my Lord, and bless me with a tender look, and let my talking Eyes inform thee how I have languish'd for thy absence.

Lov. Let's retire, and chase away our fleeting Cares with the Raptures of unmix'd Love.

Am. Bless me! your Voice is strangely alter'd! Ha! defend me! who's this? help! help! within there?

Lov. So! I am discover'd! A Pox on my tatling! that I cou'd not hold my Tongue till I got to her Bed-Chamber.

Enter Sly, *and other Servants.*

Sly. Did your Ladyship call help, Madam, what's the matter?

Am. Villain! Slave! who's this? what Ruffian have you brought me here — Dog, I'll have you murder'd!

[Sly *looks in his face.*

Sly. Bless me! O Lord! dear Madam, I beg your Pardon; as I hope to be saved, Madam, 'tis a mistake, I took him for Mr. ——

Am. Be dumb! Eternal Blockhead — here! Take this Fellow, toss him in a Blanket, and let him be turn'd out of my doors immediately.

Sly. O Pray! Dear Madam, for Heavens sake, I am a ruin'd Man ——

Snap. Ah! *Snap*, what will become of thee? Thou art fall'n into the hands of a Tygress that has lost her Whelp; I have no hopes, but in my Master's Impudence! Heaven strengthen it!

Am. I'll hear no more! away with him!

[*Exeunt the Servants with* Sly.

Now, Sir, for you; I expected ——

Lov. A Man, Madam, did you not?

Am. Not a Stranger, Sir; But one that has a Right and Title to that welcome, which by mistake has been given to you.

Lov. Not an Husband, I presume; he wou'd not have been so privately conducted to your Chamber, and in the dark too!

Am. Whoever it was, Sir, is not your business to Examine: But if you wou'd have Civil Usage, pray be gone.

Lov. To be used Civilly, I must stay, Madam: There can be no danger with so fair a Creature!

Am. I doubt you are mad, Sir.

Lov. While my Senses have such luscious Food before 'em, no wonder if they are in some Confusion, each striving to be foremost at the Banquet, and sure my greedy Eyes will starve the rest. [*Approaching her.*

Am. Pray, Sir, keep your distance, lest your feeling too be gratified.

Snap. O Lord! wou'd *I* were too Leagues off at Sea!

Lov. Then briefly thus, Madam, know *I* like and love you: Now if you have so much Generosity as to let me know, what Title my pretended Rival has to your Person, or your Inclinations: Perhaps the little hopes *I* then may have of supplanting him, may make me leave your House. If not, my Love shall still pursue you, tho' to the hazard of my Life, which *I* shall not easily resign, while this Sword can guard it, Madam.

Am.

Am. Oh, were this Courage shown but in a better Cause, how worthy were the Man that own'd it! (*Aside.*) What is it, Sir, that you propose by this unnecessary Trifling? Know then, that I did expect a Lover, a Man perhaps more brave than you; One, that in present, you'd have given you a shorter Answer to your Question.

Lov. I am glad to hear he's brave however; it betrays no weakness in your Choice: But if you'd still preserve, or raise the Joys of Love, remove him from your thoughts a moment, and in his room receive a warmer Heart, a Heart that must admire you more than he, because my Passion's of a fresher Date.

Am. What de'e take me for?

Lov. A Woman, and the most Charming of your Sex; one whole pointed Eyes declare you form'd for Love, and tho' your words are flinty, your every look and motion all confess there's a secret Fire within you, which must sparkle, when the Steel of Love provokes it. Come, now pull away your hand, and make me hold it faster.

Am. Nay, now you are rude, Sir.

Lov. If Love be Rudeness, let me be Impudent; When we are Familiar, Rudeness will be Love. No Woman ever thought a Lover Rude after she had once granted him the Favour.

Am. Pray Sir, forbear.

Lov. How can I? when my desire's so violent: Oh, let me snatch the Rosie Dew from those distilling Lips, and as you see your power to Charm, so chide me with your Pity. Why do you thus cruelly turn away your Face? I own the Blessing's worth an Ages Expectation, but if refused till merited, 'tis esteemed a Debt. Wou'd you oblige your Lover, let loose your early Kindness.

Am. I shall not take your Counsel, Sir, while I know a Woman's early Kindness is as little sign of her Generosity, as her Generosity is a sign of her Discretion: Nor wou'd I have you believe I am so ill provided for, that I need listen to any Man's first Addresses.

Lov. Why, Madam, wou'd not you drink the first time you had a Thirst?

Am.

Am. Yes; but not before *I* had.

Lov. If you can't drink, yet you may kiss the Cup, and that may give you inclination.

Am. Your Pardon, Sir, *I* drink out of no body's Glass but my own; as the Man *I* love confines himself to me, so my Inclination keeps me true to him.

Lov. That's a Cheat impos'd upon you, by your own Vanity; For, when your back's turn'd, your very Chamber-Maid sips of your leavings, and becomes your Rival. Constancy in Love is all a Cheat, Women of your Understanding know it: The Joys of Love are only Great when they are new, and to make 'em lasting, we must often change.

Am. Suppose 'twere a fresh Lover *I* now expected.

Lov. Why then, Madam, your Expectation's answer'd; For, *I* must confess *I* don't take you for an Old Acquaintance, tho' somewhere *I* have seen a Face not much unlike you. Come, your Arguments are vain; for they are so Charmingly delivered, they but inspire me the more, as blows in Battel raise the brave Man's Courage. Come, every thing pleads for me, Your Beauty, Wit, Time, Place, Opportunity, and my own Excess of Raging Passion.

Am. Stand off: distant as the Globes of Heaven and Earth, that like a falling Star *I* may shoot with greater force into your Arms, and think it Heaven to lye Expiring there.

[*Runs into his Arms.*

Snap. Ah! ah! ah! Rogue, the day's our own.

Lov. Thou sweetest, softest Creature Heav'n e'er form'd; Thus let me twine my self about thy beauteous Limbs, till struggling with the Pangs of painful Bliss, motionless and mute we yield to Conquering Love, both Vanquish'd, and both Victors.

Am. Can all this heat be real? Oh, why has hateful Vice such power to Charm? while poor abandon'd Vertue lies neglected. [*Aside.*

Lov. Come, let us Surfeit on our new-born Raptures, let's waken sleeping Nature with Delight, till we may justly say, now! now! we live!

Am. Come on, let's indulge the Transports of our pre-

sent

sent Bliss, and bid defiance to our future change of Fate. Who waits there? *Enter* Amanda's *Woman.*

Am. Bring me word immediately if my Apartment's ready, as I order'd it. O, I am charm'd, *I* have found the Man to please me now: One that can, and dares maintain the Noble Rapture of a Lawless Love: *I* own my self a Libertine, a Mortal Foe to that dull thing call'd Vertue, that meer Disease of sickly Nature. Pleasure's the end of Life, and while I'm Mistress of my self, and Fortune, *I* will enjoy it to the height. Speak freely then, (not that *I* love like other women the nauseous Pleasure of a little Flattery) but answer me like a Man that scorns a Lye: Does my Face invite you, Sir? May *I* from what you see of me, propose a Pleasure to my self in pleasing you?

Lov. By Heaven you may; *I* have seen all Beauties that the Sun shines on, but never saw the Sun out-shin'd before: *I* have measur'd half the world in search of Pleasure: But not returning home, had ne'er been happy.

Am. Spoken like the Man *I* wish might love me — Pray Heaven his words prove true. (*Aside.*) — Be sure you never flatter me, and when my Person tires you, confess it freely: For change when e'er you will, I'll change as soon: But while we chance to meet still let it be with Raging Fire: No matter how soon it dies, provided the small time it lasts, it burn the fiercer.

Lov. O! wou'd the blinded world, like us, agree to change, how lasting might the Joys of Love be? For thus Beauty, tho' stale to one, might somewhere else be new; and while this Man were blest in leaving what he loath'd, another were new-Ravish'd in receiving what he ne'er enjoy'd.

Re-Enter Amanda's *Woman.*

Wom. Madam, every thing is according to your Order.

Lov. Oh! lead me to the Scene of unsupportable Delight, Rack me with Pleasures never known before, till I lye gasping with Convulsive Passion: This Night let us be lavish to our unbounded wishes.

Give all our Stock at once to raise the Fire,
And Revel to the height of loose Desire. [*Exeunt.*

Am. Wom.

Am. Wom. Ah! what an happy Creature's my Lady now? There's many an unſatisfied Wife about Town, wou'd be glad to have her Husband as wicked as my Maſter, upon the ſame Terms my Lady has him. Few Women I'm afraid wou'd grudge an Husband the laying out his ſtock of Love, that cou'd receive ſuch conſiderable Intereſt for it! Well — Now ſhan't I take one wink of ſleep for thinking how they'll employ their time to Night — Faith, I muſt liſten if I were to be hang'd for't. [*Liſtens at the Door.*

Snap. So! my Maſter's provided for, therefore 'tis time for me to take care of myſelf: I have no mind to be lock'd out of my Lodging: Infancy there's room for two in the Maid's bed, as well as my Lady's — This ſame Flask was plaguy ſtrong Wine — I find I ſhall ſtorm, if ſhe don't ſurrender fairly. By your leave, Damſel.

Wom. Bleſs me! who's this? O Lord! what wou'd you have? who are you?

Snap. One that has a Right and Title to your body, my Maſter having already taken Poſſeſſion of your Lady's.

Wom. Let me go, or I'll cry out.

Snap. Ye Lye, ye dare not diſturb your Lady: but the better to ſecure you, Thus I ſtop your mouth. [*Kiſſes her.*

Wom. Humh! — Lord bleſs me, is the Devil in you, tearing ones things!

Snap. Then ſhow me your Bed-Chamber.

Wom. The Devil ſhall have you firſt.

Snap. A ſhall have us both together then: Here will I fix, (*takes her about the Neck*) juſt in this poſture till to Morrow Morning: In the mean time when you find your Inclination ſtirring, prithee give me a call, for at preſent I am very ſleepy. [*Seems to ſleep.*

Wom. Foh! how he ſtinks. (*He belches.*) Ah! what a whiff was there — the Rogue's as drunk as a Saylor with a Twelve Months Arrears in his Pocket; or a *Jacobite* upon a day of ill News. I'll ha nothing to ſay to him — let me ſee, how ſhall I get rid of him — O! I have it! I'll ſoon make him ſober I'll warrant him: So ho! Mr. What de'e call'um, where do you intend to lye to Night?

Snap.

Snap. Humh! why, where you lay laſt Night, unleſs you change you Lodging.

Wom. Well, for once I'll take Pity of you — make no noiſe, but put out the Candles, and follow me ſoftly, for fear of diſturbing my Lady.

Snap. I'll warrant ye! there's no fear of ſpoyling her Muſick, while we are playing the ſame Tune.

The Scene changes to a dark Entry, and they Re-enter.

Wom. Where are you? lend me your hand.

Snap. Here! Here! make haſt, my dear Concupiſcence.

Wom. Hold! ſtand there a little, while I open the Door gently without waking the Footmen.

[*She feels about, and opens a Trap-door.*

Wom. Come along ſoftly this way!

Snap. Where abouts are you?

Wom. Here, here, come ſtrait forward.

[*He goes forward, and falls into the Cellar.*

Snap. O Lord! O Lord! I have broke my Neck.

Wom. I am glad to hear him ſay ſo, however I ſhou'd be loath to be hang'd for him. How de'e, Sir?

Snap. De'e, Sir! I am a League under Ground.

Wom. Where abouts are you?

Snap. In Hell, I think.

Wom. No! No! you are but in the Road to it, I dare ſay: Ah dear! why will you follow lewd Women at this rate, when they lead you to the very Gulph of Deſtruction? I knew you wou'd be ſwallow'd up at laſt. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Snap. Ah, ye ſneering Whore!

Wom. Shall I fetch you a Prayer-Book, Sir? to Arm you againſt the Temptations of the Fleſh!

Snap. No! you need but ſhow your own damn'd ugly Face to do that — Hearke ye, either help me out, or I'll Hang my ſelf, and ſwear your Murder'd me.

Wom. Nay, if you are ſo bloody-minded, Good Night to ye, Sir. [*She offers to ſhut the Door over him, and he catches hold on her.*

Snap. Ah! Ah! Ah! have I caught you! Igad we'll Pig together now.

Wom. O Lord! Pray let me go, and I'll do any thing.

Snap. And so you shall before I part with you. (*Pulls her in to him.*) And now, Master, my Humble Service to you. [*He pulls the Door over them.*

ACT V.

The SCENE *Sir* William Wisewou'd's *House.*

Enter Eld. Worthy, *Yo.* Worthy, *and a Lawyer with Writing.*

E. Wor. ARE the Ladies ready?

Y. Wor. Hillaria is just gone up to hasten her Cousin, and Sir *William* will be here immediately.

E. Wor. But hearke you, Brother! I have consider'd of it, and pray let me oblige you not to pursue your design upon his Five thousand Pound: For in short, 'tis no better than a Cheat, and what a Gentleman shou'd scorn to be guilty of. Is not it sufficient that I consent to your wronging him of his Daughter?

Y. Wor. Your Pardon, Brother, I can't allow that a wrong: For his Daughter loves me, her Fortune, you know, he has nothing to do with; and it's a hard case a Young Woman shall not have the disposal of her Heart. Love's a Fever of the Mind, which nothing but our own wishes can asswage, and I don't Question but we shall find Marriage a very cooling Cordial. — And as to the Five Thousand Pound, 'tis no more than what he has endeavour'd to cheat his Niece of.

E. W. What de'e mean, I take him for an Honest Man!

Y. W. Oh! Very honest! As honest as an Old Agent to a New-Rais'd Regiment — No Faith, I'll say that for him, he will not do an ill thing, unless he gets by it. In a word, this so very honest Sir *William*, as you take him to be, has offer'd me the refusal of your Mistress; and upon

upon Condition I will ſecure him Five Thouſand Pound upon my day of Marriage with her, he will ſecure me her Perſon, and Ten Thouſand Pound, the remaining part of her Fortune! There's a Guardian for ye! What think ye now, Sir?

E. W. Why I think he deſerves to be ſery'd in the ſame kind! I find Age, and Avarice are inſeparable! therefore ev'n make what you can of him, and I will ſtand by you. But hearkye, Mr. *Forge*, are you ſure it will ſtand good in Law if Sir *William* ſigns the Bond?

Law. In any Court in *England*, Sir.

E. W. Then there's your Fifty Pieces, and if it ſucceeds, here are as many more in the ſame Pocket to anſwer 'em: But Mum — here comes Sir *William* and the Ladies.

Enter Sir William Wiſewou'd, Hillaria, *and* Narciſſa.

Sir Will. Good morrow Gentlemen! Mr. *Worthy*, give you Joy! od ſo! If my heels were as light as my Heart, I ſhou'd ha' much adoe to forbear dancing — Here, here, take her, Man, (*gives him* Narciſſa's *hand*) ſhe's yours, and ſo is her Thouſand pound a year, and my Five Thouſand pound ſhall be yours too.

T. W. You muſt ask me leave firſt. [*Aſide.*

Sir Will. Odſo! is the Lawyer come?

E. W. He is, and all the Writings are ready, Sir.

Sir Wil. Come, Come, let's ſee, Man! What's this! Odd! this Law is a plaguy troubleſome thing; for now adays it won't let a Man give away his own, without repeating the Particulars 500 times over: When in former times a Man might have held his Title to Twenty thouſand pound a year, in the compaſs of an Horn-Book.

Law. That is, Sir, Becauſe there are more Knaves now adays, and this Age is more Treacherous and Diſtruſtful than heretofore.

Sir Will. That is, Sir, becauſe there are more Lawyers than heretofore: But come, what's this, prithee?

Law. Theſe are the Old Writings of your Daughter's Fortune; this is Mr. *Worthy*'s Settlement upon her, — and this, Sir, is your Bond for Five thouſand pound to

him; There wants nothing but filling up the Blanks with the Party's Names; if you pleaſe, Sir, I'll do't immediately.

Sir VVill. Do ſo.

Law. May I crave your Daughter's Chriſtian Name, the reſt I know, Sir.

Sir Will. Narciſſa! prithee make haſt ——

T. VVor. You know your Buſineſs—[*aſide to the Lawyer.*

Law. I'll warrant you, Sir. [*ſits to write.*

Sir VVill. Mr. *VVorthy*, methinks your Brother does not reliſh your Happineſs as he ſhou'd do: Poor Man! I'll warrant he wiſhes himſelf in his Brother's condition!

T. VVor. Not I, I'll aſſure you, Sir.

Sir VVill. Niece! Niece! have you no Pity? Prithee look upon him a little! Odd! he's a pretty young Fellow—— I am ſure he loves you, or he wou'd not have frequented my Houſe ſo often! De'e think his Brother cou'd not tell my Daughter his own Story without his Aſſiſtance! Pſhaw! waw! I tell you, you were the Beauty that made him ſo aſſiduous: Come, come, give him your Hand, and he'll ſoon creep into your Heart, I'll warrant you: Come, ſay the word, and make him happy.

Hill. What, to make my ſelf miſerable, Sir, Marry a Man without an Eſtate?

Sir VVill. Hang an Eſtate! True Love's beyond all Riches! 'Tis all dirt—meer dirt!—beſide han't you Fifteen Thouſand Pound to your Portion?

Hill. I doubt, Sir, you wou'd be loath to give him your Daughter, tho' her Fortune's larger.

Sir VVill. Odd, if he loved her but half ſo well, as he loves you, he ſhou'd have her for a word ſpeaking.

Hill. But, Sir, this asks ſome Conſideration——

Nar. You ſee, Mr. *VVorthy*, what an extraordinary Kindneſs my Father has for you!

T. VVor. Ay, Madam, and for your Couſin too: But I hope with a little of your Aſſiſtance we ſhall be both able very ſhortly to return it.

Nar. Nay, I was always ready to ſerve *Hillaria*; for Heaven

Heaven knows I only Marry to Revenge her Quarrel to my Father: I cannot forgive his off'ring to sell her.

T. VVor. O, you need not take such pains, Madam, to conceal your Passion for me; you may own it without a blush upon your Wedding-day.

Nar. My Passion! When did you hear me acknowledge any? If I thought you cou'd believe me guilty of such a Weakness, tho' after I had marry'd you, I wou'd never look you in the Face.

T. VVor. A very pretty Humour, this faith! (*Aside.*) What a world of unnecessary Sins have we two to Answer for? For she has told more Lyes to conceal her Love, than I have sworn false Oaths to promote it. Well, Madam, at present I'll content my self with your giving me leave to Love.

Nar. Which if I don't give, you'll take I suppose.

Hill. Well, Uncle, I won't Promise you, but I'll go to Church and see them marry'd; when we come back 'tis ten to one but I surprize you where you least think on.

Sir VVill. Why, that's well said! — Mr. *VVorthy*, now! now's your time; Odd! I have so fir'd her, 'tis not in her power to deny you, Man — To her! to her! I warrant her thy own, Boy! You'll keep your word, Five Thousand Pound upon the day of Marriage.

T. VVor. I'll give you my Bond upon demand, Sir.

Sir VVill. O! I dare take your Word, Sir. —— Come, Lawyer, have you done? Is all ready?

Law. All, Sir! This is your Bond to Mr. *VVorthy*: Will you be pleased to Sign that first, Sir?

Sir VVill. Ay, ay; let's see! *The Condition of this Obligation* (*Reads.*) Hum um — Come, lend me the Pen. — There — Mr. *VVorthy*, I deliver this as my Act and Deed to you, and Heaven send you a good Bargain — Niece, will you Witness it? (*which she does*) — Come, Lawyer, your Fist too. (*Lawyer witnesses it.*

Law. Now, Sir, if you please to Sign the Joynture.

T. VVor. Come on. — Sir *VVilliam*, I deliver this to you for the use of your Daughter. Madam, will you give your self

ſelf the trouble once more? (*Hill. ſets her Hand.*) Come, Sir— (*the Lawyer does the ſame.*) So, now let a Coach be called as ſoon as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir VVill. You may ſave that Charge, *I* ſaw your own at the Door.

E. VVor. Your Pardon, Sir, that wou'd make our buſineſs too Publick: For which Reaſon, Sir *VVilliam*, I hope you will excuſe our not taking you along with us.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Sir VVill. Ay, ay, with all my heart, the more Privacy the leſs Expence. But pray, what time may *I* expect you back again? For *Amanda* has ſent to me for the Writings of her Husband's Eſtate: *I* ſuppoſe ſhe intends to Redeem the Mortgage, and *I* am afraid ſhe will keep me there till Dinner-time.

Y. VVor. Why, about that time ſhe has obliged me to bring ſome of her neareſt Friends to be Witneſſes of her good or evil Fortune with her Husband: Methinks *I* long to know her Succeſs; if you pleaſe, Sir *VVilliam*, we'll meet you there.

Sir VVill. With all my heart— (*Enter a Servant.*) Well! is the Coach come?

Serv. It is at the Door, Sir.

Sir VVill. Come, Gentlemen, no Ceremony; your time's ſhort.

E. VVor. Your Servant, Sir *VVilliam*.

[*Exeunt E.* VVor. *Y.* VVor. Nar. *and* Hill.

Sir VVill. So! here's Five Thouſand Pounds got with a wet finger! This 'tis to read Mankind! *I* knew a Young Lover wou'd never think he gave too much for his Miſtreſs! VVell! if *I* don't ſuddenly meet with ſome misfortune, *I* ſhall never be able to bear this Tranquillity of Mind. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to* Amanda's *Houſe.*

Enter Amanda *Sola.*

Am. Thus far my hopes have all been anſwer'd, and my diſguiſe of Vicious Love has charm'd him ev'n to a Madneſs of Impure Deſire:— But now I tremble to pull off the Mask, leſt bare fac'd Vertue ſhou'd fright him from my Arms

Arms for ever. Yet ſure there are Charms in Vertue, nay, ſtronger, and more pleaſing far, than hateful Vice can boaſt of! Elſe why have Holy Martyrs periſh'd for its ſake? While Lewdneſs ever gives ſevere Repentance, and unwilling Death.— Good Heaven inſpire my heart, and hang upon my Tongue the force of Truth and Eloquence, that *I* may lure this wandring Falcon back to Love and Vertue— He comes, and now my dreaded Task begins!

Enter Loveleſs *in New Gloaths.*

Am. How fare you, Sir? De'e not already think your ſelf confin'd? Are you not tired with my eaſie Love?

Lov. O! never! never! you have ſo fill'd my thoughts with Pleaſures paſt, that but to reflect on 'em is ſtill new Rapture to my Soul, and the Bliſs muſt laſt while *I* have Life or Memory.

Am. No Flattery, Sir! *I* lov'd you for your plain-dealing; and to preſerve my good Opinion, tell me, what think you of the Grapes perſuading Juice! Come, ſpeak freely, wou'd not the next Tavern-Buſh put all this out of your head?

Lov. Faith, Madam, to be free with you, *I* am apt to think you are in the right on't: For tho' Love and Wine are two very fine Tunes, yet they make no Muſick, if you play them both together, ſeparately they Raviſh us: Thus the Miſtreſs ought to make room for the Bottle, the Bottle for the Miſtreſs, and both to wait the call of Inclination.

Am. That's Generouſly ſpoken — *I* have obſerv'd, Sir, in all your Diſcourſe you confeſs ſomething of a Man, that has throughly known the world! — Pray give me leave to ask you, of what Condition you are, and whence you came?

Lov. Why, in the firſt place, Madam, — by Birth *I* am a Gentleman; by ill Friends, good Wine, and falſe Dice, almoſt a Beggar: But by your Servants miſtaking me, the happieſt Man, that ever Love and Beauty ſmil'd on.

Am. One thing more, Sir! Are you married? — Now my fears. [*Aſide.*

Lov. *I* was, but very Young.

Am. What was your Wife?

Lov. A fooliſh loving thing, that built Caſtles in the Air,

Air, and thought it impoſſible for a Man to forſwear himſelf when he made Love.

Am. Was ſhe not Vertuous?

Lov. Oumh! Yes faith, *I* believe ſhe might, *I* was ne'er Jealous of her.

Am. Did you ne'er love her?

Lov. Ah 'moſt damnably at firſt, for ſhe was within two Women of my Maidenhead.

Am. What's become of her?

Lov. Why, after *I* had been from her beyond Sea, about Seven or Eight Years, like a very Loving Fool ſhe died of the Pip, and civilly left me the world free to Range in.

Am. Why did you leave her?

Lov. Becauſe ſhe grew ſtale, and *I* cou'd not Whore in quiet for her: Beſides ſhe was always exclaiming againſt my Extravagancies, particularly my Gaming; which ſhe ſo violently oppos'd, that *I* fancy'd a Pleaſure in it, which ſince *I* never found; for in one Month *I* loſt between Eight and Ten Thouſand Pound, which *I* had juſt before call'd in to pay my Debts. This Misfortune made my Creditors come ſo thick upon me, that *I* was forc'd to Mortgage the remaining part of my Eſtate to Purchaſe new Pleaſure, which *I* knew *I* cou'd not do on this ſide the Water, amidſt the Clamours of inſatiate Duns, and the more hateful Noiſe of a Complaining Wife.

Am. Don't you wiſh you had taken her Counſel tho'?

Lov. Not *I*, faith, Madam.

Am. Why ſo?

Lov. Becauſe 'tis to no purpoſe: I am Maſter of more Philoſophy, than to be concern'd at what I can't help — But now, Madam, — Pray give me leave to inform my ſelf as far in your Condition.

Am. In a word, Sir, till you know me throughly, I muſt own my ſelf a perfect Riddle to you.

Lov. Nay, nay, I know you are a Woman: But in what Circumſtances? Wife, or Widdow.

Am. A Wife, Sir; a True, a Faithful, and a Vertuous Wife.

Lov.

Lov. Humh! truly, Madam, your Story begins ſomething like a Riddle! a Vertuous Wife ſay you! what, and was you never falſe to your Husband!

Am. I never was by Heav'n! for Him, and only Him I ſtill love above the World.

Lov. Good agen! pray, Madam, don't your Memory fail you ſometimes? becauſe I fancy you don't remember what you do over night!

Am. I told you, Sir, I ſhou'd appear a Riddle to you: But if my Heart will give me leave, I'le now unlooſe your fetter'd Apprehenſion---- But I muſt firſt amaze you more---- Pray, Sir, ſatisfy me in one particular---- 'tis this---- What are your undiſſembled thoughts of Vertue? Now, if you can, ſhake off your looſe Unthinking Part, and ſummon all your force of manly Reaſon to reſolve me.

Lov. Faith, Madam, methinks this is a very odd Queſtion for a Woman of your Character. I muſt confeſs you have amazed me.

Am. It ought not to amaze you! why ſhou'd you think I make a mock of Virtue? But laſt night you allow'd my underſtanding greater than is uſual in our Sex: if ſo, can you believe I have no farther ſenſe of Happineſs than what this Empty, Dark and Barren World can yield me! No, I have yet a proſpect of a ſublimer Bliſs, an Hope, that carries me to the bright Regions of Eternal Day.

Lov. Humh! I thought her laſt nights humour was too good to hold. I ſuppoſe by and by ſhe will ask me to go to Church with her---- Faith, Madam, in my mind this diſcourſe is a little out of the way. You told me I ſhou'd be acquainted with your condition, and at preſent that's what I had rather be inform'd of.

Am. Sir, you ſhall: But firſt, this Queſtion muſt be anſwer'd; your thoughts of Virtue, Sir?---- By all my Hopes of Bliſs hereafter, your anſwering this pronounces half my Good, or Evil fate for ever: But on my knees I beg you do not ſpeak till you have weigh'd it well---- Anſwer me with the ſame Truth, and ſincerity, as you wou'd anſwer Heav'n at your lateſt hour.

Lov. Your words confound me, Madam; ſome wondrous Secret ſure lies ripened in your Breaſt, and ſeems to ſtruggle for its fatal birth! What is it I muſt anſwer you?

Am. Give me your real thoughts of Virtue, Sir; can you belive there ever was a Woman truly Miſtreſs of it, or is it only Notion?

Lov. Let me conſider, Madam, (*Aſide*) What can this mean? Why is ſhe ſo earneſt in her demands, and begs me to be ſerious, as if her Life depended on my Anſwer---- I will reſolve her, as I ought, as Truth, and Reaſon, and the ſtrange occaſion ſeems to preſs me.---- Moſt of your Sex confound the very Name of Virtue; for they wou'd ſeem to live without deſires, which cou'd they doe, that were not Virtue but the defect of unperforming Nature, and no praiſe to them: For who can boaſt a Victory when they have no Foe to Conquer? Now ſhe alone gives the faireſt proofs of Virtue, whoſe Conſcience and whoſe force of Reaſon can curb her warm Deſires, when Opportunity wou'd raiſe 'em: That ſuch a Woman may be found I dare believe.

Am. May I believe that from your Soul you ſpeak this undiſſembled truth?

Lov. Madam, you may. But ſtill you rack me with amazement! why am I ask't ſo ſtrange a Queſtion?

Am. I'le give you eaſe immediately.—Since then you have allow'd a Woman may be Virtuous--- How will you excuſe the Man who leaves the Boſome of a Wife, ſo qualified, for the abandon'd pleaſures of deceitfull Proſtitutes! Ruines her Fortune! contemns her Counſel! loaths her Bed, and leaves her to the lingring miſeries of Deſpair and Love: while in return of all theſe wrongs, ſhe his poor forſaken Wife meditates no Revenge, but what her piercing Tears, and ſecret Vows to Heav'n for his Converſion yield her: yet ſtill loves on, is conſtant and unſhaken to the laſt! Can you believe, that ſuch a Man can live without the ſtings of Conſcience, and yet be maſter of his Senſes! Conſcience! did you ne'er feel the Cheeks of it! did it never, never tell you of your broken Vows?

Lov. That you ſhou'd ask me this, confounds my Reaſon--- And yet your words are utter'd with ſuch a powerfull Accent, they

they have awak'd my Soul, and ſtrike my thoughts with horrour and remorſe. ---- (*Stands in a fixt poſture.*)

Am. Then let me ſtrike you nearer, deeper yet: ---- But arm your mind with gentle pity firſt, or I am loſt for ever.

Lov. I am all Pity, all Faith, Expectation, and confuſed Amazement: Be kind, be quick, and eaſe my wonder.

Am. Look on me well: Revive your dead remembrance: And oh! for pity's ſake (*Kneels*) hate me not for loving long, faithfully forgive this innocent attempt of a deſpairing paſſion, and I ſhall die in quiet.

Lov. Hah! ſpeak on! (*Amazed.*

Am. I wonot be! ---- The word's too weighty for my faultring Tongue, and my Soul ſinks beneath the fatal Burthen. Oh! (*Falls on the Ground.*)

Lov. Ha! ſhe faints! look up fair Creature! Behold a Heart that bleeds for your diſtreſs, and fain wou'd ſhare the weight of your oppreſſing ſorrows! Oh! thou haſt rais'd a thought within me, that ſhocks my Soul.

Am. 'Tis done! (*riſing*) the Conflict's paſt, and Heav'n bids me ſpeak undaunted. Know then, ev'n all the boaſted Raptures of your laſt Nights Love you found in your *Amanda's* Arms ---- I am your Wife.

Lov. Hah!

Am. For ever bleſt or miſerable, as your next breath ſhall ſentence me.

Lov. My Wife! impoſſible! is ſhe not dead! How ſhall I believe thee?

Am. How Time and my Afflictions may have alter'd me I know not: But here's an Indelible Confirmation (*bares her Arm.*) Theſe ſpeaking Characters, which in their cheerfull bloom our Early Paſſions mutually recorded.

Lov. Hah! 'tis here ---- 'tis no Illuſion, but my real Name; which ſeems to upbraid me as a witneſs of my Perjur'd Love---Oh I am confounded with my Guilt, and tremble to behold thee ---- Pray give me leave to think. (*turns from her.*

Am. I will. (*kneels.*) But you muſt look upon me. For only Eyes can hear the Language of the Eyes, and mine have

ſure the Tendereſt tale of Love to tell, that ever Miſery, at the dawn of Riſing-Hope cou'd utter.

Lov. I have wrong'd you. Oh! riſe! baſely wrong'd you! and can I ſee your Face?

Am One kind, one pitying look cancels thoſe wrongs for ever: and oh! forgive my fond preſuming paſſion; for from my Soul I pardon and forgive you all: all, all but this, the greateſt, your unkind Delay of Love.

Lov. Oh! ſeal my pardon with thy trembling Lips, while with this tender Graſp of fond reviving Love I ſeize my Bliſs and ſtifle all thy wrongs for ever. (*Embraces her.*)

Am. No more; I'le waſh away their memory in tears of flowing Joy.

Lov. Oh thou haſt rouz'd me from my deep Lethargy of Vice! For hitherto my Soul has been enſlav'd to looſe Deſires, to vain deluding Follies, and ſhadows of ſubſtantial bliſs: but now I wake with joy to find my Rapture Real.--- Thus let me kneel and pay my thanks to her, whoſe conquering Virtue has at laſt ſubdu'd me. Here will I fix, thus proſtrate ſigh my ſhame, and waſh my Crimes in never ceaſing tears of Penitence.

Am. O riſe! this poſture heaps new guilt on me! now you over-pay me.

Lov. Have I not uſed thee like a Villain! For almoſt ten long years depriv'd thee of my Love, and ruin'd all thy Fortune! But I will labour, dig, beg or ſtarve, to give new proofs of my unfeign'd Affection.

Am. Forbear this tenderneſs, leaſt I repent of having mov'd your Soul ſo far: you ſhall not need to beg. Heav'n has provided for us beyond its common care. 'Tis now near two years ſince my Uncle Sir *William Wealthy* ſent you the news of my pretended death, knowing the Extravagance of your Temper he thought it fit you ſhou'd believe no other of me; and about a month after he had ſent you that advice, poor man, he dyed, and left me in the full poſſeſſion of two thouſand pounds a year, which I now cannot offer as a Gift, becauſe my Duty, and your lawfull Right, makes you the undiſputed Maſter of it.

Lov.

Lov. How have I labour'd for my own Undoing, while in despite of all my Follies, kind Heav'n resolv'd my Happiness.

Enter a Servant to Amanda.

Ser. Madam, Sir *William Wisewoud* has sent your Ladiship the Writings you desired him, and says he'll wait upon you immediately.

Am. Now Sir, if you please to withdraw awhile, you may inform your self how fair a Fortune you are Master of.

Lov. None, none that can outweigh a Virtuous Mind, while in my Arms I thus can circle thee, I grasp more Treasure, than in a Day the posting Sun can travail o're. Oh! why have I so long been blind to the Perfections of thy Mind and Person! Not knowing thee a Wife, I found thee Charming beyond the wishes of Luxurious Love. Is it then a Name, a Word, shall rob thee of thy Worth? Can Fancy be a surer Guide to Happiness than Reason? Oh! I have wander'd like a benighted wretch, and lost my self in Lifes Unpleasing Journey.

'Twas heedless Fancy first, that made me stray,
But Reason now breaks forth, and lights me on my way.

[Exeunt.

The Scene changes to an Entry. Enter 3 or 4 Servants.

1 *Ser.* Pritbee *Tom* make hast below there; my Lady has order'd Dinner at half an hour after one precisely: look out some of the Red that came in last.

{*Two of the Servants haul* Snap *and* Amanda's *Woman out of the Cellar.*

2 *Serv.* Come Sir, come out here, and show your face.

Wom. Oh I am undone; ruin'd!

2 *Serv.* Pray Sir, who are you, and what was your Business, and how in the Devil's Name came you in Here?

Snap. Why truly, Sir, the Flesh led me to the Cellar-Door; but I believe the Devil push't me in --- that Gentlewoman can inform you better.

3 *Serv.* Pray Mrs. *Anne* how came you two together in the Cellar?

Wom.

Wom. Why he---he--- pu---pu---pull'd me in. (*Sobbing.*

3 *Serv.* But how the Devil came he in?

Wom. He fe---fé---fe---fell in.

2 *Serv.* How came he into the Houſe?

Wom. I don---do---don't know.

2 *Serv.* Ah! you are a Crocodile; I thought what was the reaſon I cou'd never get a good word from you! What, in a Cellar too! But come, Sir, we will take care of you however. Bring him along, we will firſt carry him before my Lady; and then Toſs him in a Blanket.

Snap. Nay but Gentlemen! dear Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveleſs, Amanda, E. Wor. Y. Wor. Nar. *and* Hill.

E. W. This is indeed a joyfull Day, we muſt all Congratulate your Happineſs.

Am. Which while our lives permit us to enjoy, we muſt ſtill reflect with Gratitude on the generous Author of it: Sir, we owe you more than words can pay you.

Lov. Words are indeed too weak; therefore let my Gratitude be Dumb till it can ſpeak in Actions.

Y. W. The ſucceſs of the Deſign I thought on, ſufficiently rewards me.

Hill. When I reflect upon *Amanda*'s paſt Afflictions, I cou'd almoſt weep to think of his unexpected Change of Fortune.

E. W. Methinks her fair Example ſhou'd perſwade all conſtant Wives ne'er to Repine at unrewarded Virtue. Nay ev'n my Brother being the firſt promoter of it, has atton'd for all the looſeneſs of his Character.

Lov. I never can return his kindneſs.

Nar. In a ſhort time Sir, I ſuppoſe you'll meet with an Opportunity, if you can find a Receipt to preſerve Love after his Honey-Moon's over.

Lov. The Receipt is eaſily found, Madam; Love's a tender Plant, which cann't live out of a warm Bed: you muſt take care with undiſſembled Kindneſs to keep him from the Northern Blaſt of Jealouſie.

Nar.

Nar. But I have heard your Experienced Lovers make use of Coldness, and that's more Agreeable to my Inclination.

Lov. Coldness, Madam, before Marriage, like throwing a little Water upon a clear Fire, makes it burn the fiercer: but after Marriage you must still take care to lay on fresh Fuel.

Nar. Oh fie, Sir! how many Examples have we of Mens hating their Wives for being too fond of 'em?

Lov. No wonder Madam: you may stifle a Flame by heaping on too great a Load.

Nar. Nay Sir, if there be no other way of destroying his Passion; for me he may love till Doomsday.

E. W. Humph! don't you smell Powder, Gentlemen? Sir *Novelty* is not far of.

Lov. What not our Fellow Collegian, I hope, that was expell'd the University for Beating the Proctor.

E. W. The same.

Lov. Does that Weed grow still?

E. W. Ay faith, and as rank as ever, as you shall see, for here he comes.

Enter Sir Novelty.

Sir No. Ladies your humble Servant; Dear *Loveless* let me Embrace thee, I am o'er-joy'd at thy good Fortune: stop my Vitals — the whole Town rings of it already — my Lady *Tattletongue* has tired a Pair of Horses in spreading the News about. Hearing Gentlemen that you were all met upon an Extraordinary good Occasion, I cou'd not resist this opportunity of joyning my Joy with yours: for you must know I am —

Nar. Married, Sir!

Sir No. To my Liberty, Madam, I am just parted from my Mistress.

Nar. And pray Sir, how do you find your self after it?

Sir No. Th ehappiest Man alive, Madam, Pleasant! Easie! Gay! Light! and Free as Air: hah; (*Capers*) I beg your Ladyship's Pardon, Madam, but upon my Soul I cannot confine my Rapture.

Nar. Are you so indifferent Sir?

Sir. No.

Sir No. Oh! Madam ſhe's engaged already to a *Temple Beau!* I ſaw 'em in a Coach together ſo fond! and bore it with as unmov'd a Countenance as *Tom Worthy* does a thundering Jeſt in a Comedy when the whole Houſe roars at it.

T. W. Pray Sir, what occaſion'd your Seperation?

Sir No. Why this Sir, —— you muſt know ſhe being ſtill poſſeſt with a Brace of Implacable Devils, call'd Revenge and Jealouſie, dogg'd me this Morning to the Chocolate-houſe, where I was oblig'd to leave a Letter for a young fooliſh Girl, that---- (you will excuſe me Sir) which I had no ſooner delivered to the Maid of the Houſe; but whip! ſhe ſnatches it out of her hand, flew at her like a Dragon, tore off her Head-Cloſe, flung down three or four Setts of Lemonade-Glaſſes, Daſht my Lord *Whiffles* Chocolate in his Face, Cut him over the Noſe, And had like to have ſtrangled me in my own Steinkirk.

Lov. Pray Sir, how did this end?

Sir No. Comically, ſtop my Vitals! for in the Cloud of Powder, that ſhe had batter'd out of the Beaux Periwigs I ſtole away: After which I ſent a Friend to her, with an Offer, which ſhe readily accepted: Three hundred pound a year during life, provided ſhe wou'd renounce all claims to me, and reſign my Perſon to my own diſpoſal.

E. W. Methinks, *Sir Novelty*, you were a little too extravagant in your Settlement, conſidering how the price of Women is fallen.

Sir No. Therefore I did it—— to be the firſt man ſhou'd raiſe their price: For the Devil take me, but the Women of the Town now come down ſo low, that my very Footman, while he kept my Place t'other day at the Playhouſe, carry'd a Mask out of the Side-Box with him, and ſtop my Vitals, the Rogue is now taking Phyſick for't.

Enter the Servants with Snap.

1. *Ser.* Come bring him along there.

Lov. How now! hah! *Snap* in hold: Pray let's know the buſineſs; Releaſe him Gentlemen.

Ser.

1 *Ser.* Why, an't please you, Sir, this Fellow was taken in the Cellar with my Lady's Woman! she says he kept her in by force, and was rude to her: she stands crying here without, and begs her Ladyship to do her Justice.

Am. Mrl *Loveless*, we are both the occasion of this Misfortune, and for the poor Girl's Reputation-sake, something shou'd be done.

Lov. Snap, answer me directly, have you lain with this poor Girl?

Snap. Why, truly Sir, Imagining you were doing little less with my Lady, I must confess, I did commit Familiarity with her, or so Sir!

Lov. Then you shall marry her, *Sir*! no reply unless it be your Promise.

Snap. Marry her, O Lord, Sir! after I have lain with her? why, Sir! how the Devil can you think a Man can have any Stomach to his Dinner, after he has had three or four Slices off of the Spit?

Lov. Well Sirrah! to renew your Appetite, and because thou hast been my old Acquaintance, I'll give thee an 100*l.* with her, and thirty Pound a Year during life, to set you up in some honest Imployment.

Snap. Ah! Sir, now I understand you, Heav'n reward you! Well Sir, I partly find that the gentile Scenes of our lives are pretty well over; and I thank Heav'n, that I have so much Grace left, that I can repent, when I have no more Opportunities of being wicked,---- come Spouse! (*She Enters*) here's my hand, the rest of my Body shall be forth-coming, ah! little did my Master and I think last night that we were robbing our own Orchards! [*Exeunt.*

E. W. Brother, stand upon your Guard! here comes Sir *William.*

Enter Sir William Wiſewoud.

Sir W. Joy, joy to you all! Madam, I Congratulate your good Fortune. Well, my dear Rogue muſt not I give thee Joy too? ha!

T. W. If you pleaſe, Sir: but I confeſs, I have more than I deſerve already.

Sir W. And art thou marry'd?

T. W. Yes Sir, I am marry'd!

Sir W. Odſo, I am glad on't: I dare ſwear, thou doſt not grudge me the 5000 *l.*

T. W. Not I really Sir: you have given me all my Soul cou'd wiſh for, but the Addition of a Fathers Bleſſing.

(*Kneels with* Narciſſa.

Sir W. Humh! what doſt thou mean? I am none of thy Father.

T. W. This Lady is your Daughter, Sir, I hope.

Sir W. Prithee get up! prithee get up! thou art ſtark mad! true, I believe ſhe may be my Daughter: well, and ſo Sir!

T. W. If ſhe be not, I'm certain ſhe's my Wife, Sir.

Sir. W. Humh! Mr. *Worthy*, pray Sir do me the favour to help me to underſtand your Brother a little--- do you know any thing of his being married?

E. W. Then without any abuſe, Sir *William*, he married your Daughter this very Morning, not an hour ago, Sir.

Sir W. Pray Sir whoſe conſent had you, who adviſ'd you to it?

T. W. Our mutual Love and your conſent Sir, which theſe Writings, entituling her to a thouſand Pound a year, and this Bond, whereby you have oblig'd your ſelf to pay me five thouſand Pound upon our day of Marriage, are ſufficient proofs of.

Sir W. He, he! I gave your Brother ſuch a Bond, Sir.

T. W. You did ſo! but the obligation is to me; look there Sir.

Sir W. Very good! this is my hand, I muſt confeſs Sir: and what then?

T. W.

T. W. Why then I expect my five thouſand Pound, Sir: pray Sir, do you know my Name?

Sir W. I am not drunk Sir, I am ſure it was *Worthy*, and *Jack*, or *Tom*, or *Dick*, or ſomething.

T. W. No Sir, I'll ſhow you---- 'tis *William*, look you there Sir: you ſhou'd have taken more care of the Lawyer Sir, that fill'd up the Blank.

E. W. So now his Eyes are open!

Sir W. And have you married my Daughter againſt my Conſent, and trickt me out of 5000 *l.* Sir?

Hill. His Brother, Sir, has married me too with my Conſent, and I am Not trickt out of 5000 *l.*

Sir W. Inſulting Witch! look ye Sir! I never had a ſubſtantial Cauſe to be angry in my life before: but now I have reaſon on my ſide, I will indulge my Indignation moſt immoderately: I muſt confeſs, I have not patience to wait the ſlow redreſs of a Tedious Law-Suit! therefore am reſolv'd to right my ſelf the neareſt way--- draw, draw Sir, you muſt not enjoy my five thouſand Pound, tho' I fling as much more after it in procuring a Pardon for killing you. (*They hold him.*) Let me come at him, I'll murder him! I'll cut him! I'll tear him! I'll Broil him! and eat him! a Rogue! a Dog! a Curſed Dog! a Cut-throat, murdering Dog!

E. W. O fie, Sir *William*, how monſtrous is this Paſſion?

Sir W. You have diſarm'd me, but I ſhall find a time to poiſon him.

Lov. Think better on't Sir *William*, your Daughter has married a Gentleman; and one whoſe Love entitles him to her Perſon.

Sir W. Ay, but the 5000 *l.* Sir! why, the very report of his having ſuch a Fortune, will ruin him, I warrant you, within this week he will have more Duns at his Chamber in a Morning, than a gaming Lord after a good Night at the Groom Porters, or a Poet upon the fourth day of his New Play. I ſhall never be pleaſed with paying it againſt my own Conſent, Sir.

Hill. Yet you wou'd have had me done at Sir *William*; but however I heartily wiſh you wou'd as freely forgive Mr. *Worthy*, as I do you Sir.

Sir W. I muſt confeſs this Girls good Nature makes me aſhamed of what I have offer'd: But Mr. *Worthy* I did not expect ſuch Uſage from a man of your Character: I always took you for a Gentleman.

E. W. You ſhall find me no other, Sir: Brother a word with you!

Lov. Sir *William*, I have ſome Obligations to this Gentleman, and have ſo great a confidence in your Daughter's Merit, and his Love; that I here promiſe to return you your 5000 *l.* if after the Expiration of one year, you are then diſſatisfied in his being your Son in Law.

T. W. But ſee Brother, he has foreſtall'd your purpoſe.

E. W. Mr. *Loveleſs*, you have been before-hand with me, but you muſt give me leave to offer Sir *William* my joint-ſecurity for what you have promiſed him.

Lov. With all my Heart Sir! Dare you take our Bonds, Sir *William*?

T. W. Hold Gentlemen! I ſhou'd bluſh to be oblig'd to that degree; therefore Sir *William*, as the firſt proof of that reſpect and duty I owe a Father, I here unaskt return your Bond, and will henceforth expect nothing from you, but as my Conduct ſhall deſerve it.

Am. This is indeed a generous Act, methinks 'twere Pity it ſhou'd go unrewarded.

Sir W. Nay, now you vanquiſh me! after this I can't ſuſpect your future Conduct: there Sir! 'tis yours, I acknowledge the Bond, and wiſh you all the Happineſs of a Bridal Bed. Heav'ns Bleſſing on you both, now riſe my Boy! and let the world know 'twas I ſet you upon your Legs again.

T. W. I'll ſtudy to deſerve your Bounty, Sir.

Lov. Now Sir *William*, You have ſhown your ſelf a Father. This prudent Action has ſecured your Daughter from the uſual conſequence of a ſtol'n Marriage; a Parents Curſe. Now ſhe muſt be happy in her Love, while you have ſuch a tender Care on't.

Am. This is indeed a happy Meeting, we all of us have drawn our ſeveral Prizes in the Lottery of Human life: Therefore I beg our Joys may be united, not one of us muſt part

part this day. The Ladies I'll intreat my Guests.

Lov. The rest are mine, and I hope will often be so.

Am. Tis yet too soon to dine: therefore to divert us in the mean time, what think you of a little Musick, the Subject perhaps not improper to this Occasion!

E. W. 'Twill oblige us, Madam, we are all Lovers of it.

The SCENE Draws, and Discovers Love Seated on a Throne, attended with a CHORUS.

Fame. *Hail! hail! Victorious Love!*
To whom all Hearts below,
With no less Pleasure bow,
Than to the Thundring Jove,
The Happy Souls above.

Chorus. Hail, &c.

Enter Reason.

Reason. *Cease, cease fond Fools your Empty Noise,*
And follow not such Joys,
Love gives you but a short-liv'd Bliss,
But I bestow immortal Happiness.

Love. *Rebellious* Reason, *talk no more,*
Of all my Slaves, I thee abhor:
But thou, alas! dost strive in vain
To free the Lover from a pleasing Chain,
In Spight of Reason, Love shall live and reign.

Chorus. In Spight, &c.

A Martial Symphony.

Enter Honor.

Honor. *What Wretch wou'd follow Loves alarms.*
When Honors Trumpet ſounds to Arms;
Hark! how the Warlike Notes inſpire
In ev'ry Breaſt a glowing Fire.

Love. *Hark how it ſwells with Love and ſoft Deſire.*

Honor. *Behold, behold the married State*
By thee too ſoon betray'd,
Repenting now too late.

Enter Marriage *with his Yoke.*

Marriage. *O! tell me cruel God of Love,*
Why didſt thou my thoughts poſſeſs
With an Eternal Round of Happineſs,
And yet alas! I lead a wretched Life,
Doom'd to this Galling Yoke— the Emblem of a Wife.

Love. *Ungratefull Wretch! how dar'ſt thou Love upbraid?*
I gave thee Raptures in the Bridal-Bed.

Marriage. *Long ſince alas! the airy Viſion's fled,*
And I with wandring Flames my Paſſion feed.
O! tell me pow'rfull God
Where I ſhall find
My former Peace of Mind!

Love. *Where firſt I promis'd thee a happy Life,*
There thou ſhalt find it in a Vertuous Wife.

Go

Love, & Fame. *Go home unhappy Wretch, and mourn.*
For all thy Guilty Passion past,
There thou shalt those Joys return,
Which shall for ever, ever last.

End with the First *Chorus*.

Lov. 'Twas generously design'd, and all my Life to come shall show how I approve the Moral. Oh! *Amanda*! once more receive me to thy Arms; and while I am there, let all the World confess my Happiness. By my Example taught let every man, whose Fate has bound him to a married Life, beware of letting loose his wild desires: for if Experience may be allow'd to judge, I must proclaim the folly of a wandring Passion: the greatest Happiness we can hope on Earth,

And sure the nearest to the Joys above,
Is the chast Rapture of a Vertuous Love.

FINIS.

PLAYS *lately Printed for* S. Briſcoe.

1. THE *Boarding-School*, a Comedy, written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

2. *Sophonisba*, or *Hannibals* overthrow, by Mr. *Lee.*

3. The *Mock-Marriage*, a Comedy, written by Mr. *Scott.*

4. *She Ventures*, and *He Wins*, a Comedy, written by a young Lady.

5. The Comical Hiſtory of *Don Quixote* in 3 Parts. Alſo Mr. *D'urfey's* Songs ſett to Muſick by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, Dr. *Blow*, Mr. *Eccles*, Mr. *Courtevil*, Mr. *Akeroyde*, and other eminent Maſters of the Age, in 3 Parts.

6. *Phyrrus*, a Tragedy, acted at the Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, written by Mr. *Hopkins.*

7. The *Richmond-Heireſs*, a Comedy, written by Mr. *D'urfey.*

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9. The *Wives Excuſe*, a Comedy, by Mr *Southern.*

10. The *Country Wife*, a Comedy, by Mr. *Wicherly.*

11. The *Very Good Wife*, a Comedy.

12. The *True Widow*, a Comedy, by Mr. *Shadwell*, Poet-Laureat.

13. *Trayter*, a Tragedy, by Mr. *Rivers.*

14. *Agnes de Caſtro*, a Tragedy, written by a young Lady.

15. *Fatal Miſtake*, or the *Plot's Spoil'd*, by *Jo. Haines.*